

(1933, Feb. S.H.)

E--4701

Stopped at Winworth on the way back to see mother and sister. Read the papers and piled the dead stalks of last year's flowers in the gardens. By the papers I saw that Henry A. Wallace, son of Henry C. Wallace, had been appointed as Secretary of Agriculture. This is a reward for his switching from the Republican to the Democratic Party in the last election. I ^{was} ~~am~~ not especially enthusiastic about this appointment because Henry A. never impressed me as being as good a man as his father, and his father was not as successful as Secretary of Agriculture. The younger man has more courage than his father, but is more of a theorist and dreamer and sets too high a value on economics and too little on practical experience and common sense. There is only one thing that he can be counted upon to do and that is what his father and grandfather did, namely, stress the importance of agriculture in relation to other industries in this country. This the Wallaces have done in season and out of season for three generations, and it was a very necessary service because of the self-satisfied ignorance of city people and the utter selfishness and brutal business methods of the leaders of other industries. For many generations business and industry have prospered on special favors and Congressional pay largely at the expense of agriculture and now it is about time that farmers had their fair share of prosperity, their place in the legislative sun. Perhaps this young Wallace can help bring this about. He is a personal friend of Dr. H. C. Taylor who may now be expected to profit by that friendship.

Friday, 24 Feb.; a lovely bright day. After luncheon I pulled and piled flower stems and tops in the gardens. Wrote some letters. Emory all day pruning. Lewis and a helper thinning out the trees in a pine grove, he to have the wood for his trouble. Feeling a little worried about money with which to pay for help in keeping the place in order. I cannot do the work myself and hate to think

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of letting the place deteriorate from neglect and yet I lack money with which to hire the necessary labor. I can think of nothing that can be grown on the place that will pay the expense involved in labor, fertilizer, and other things. I would be better off financially simply to give the property away to anyone who would ~~assume~~ relieve me of responsibility for it, and yet I hesitate to do that and wife would never consent to it. Also my other relatives would protest. If I gave it to them I would not be relieved of responsibility because they would look to me to help them and make up deficits. So I just ~~as~~ well worry along with it. If only its beauty and the beautiful landscape visible ~~to~~ from it would pay taxes and expenses all would be well.

Saturday, 25 Feb.; raining. Took wife to town through the rain for the laundry and groceries. Both the laundry and the bank were closed. Learned from the papers that all banks were closed until the first of March by order of the Governor to enable the banks to meet the heavy runs on them, especially in Baltimore. I was caught with only six dollars in cash and was expecting to draw some more out of the bank. Most of this went for groceries and I wondered what we would do if the bank should remain closed. Wife stopped at the newspaper office for a copy of the ~~March~~ February 17 issue with Mr. Grove's complimentary letter regarding my snow article. She said also that when she went into the women's market she was greeted by several who recognized her and ~~saw~~ spoke of the articles I had written.

Sunday, 26 Feb.; clear, cold, and a ~~roaring~~ gale all day. I spent a comfortable day in the Whippoorwill writing up notes for 1929. At 4 p.m. wife and I walked across to the pine grove to see how Lewis and his helper were getting on with the thinning. Little Stubby cat went with us. We ^{came back} ~~returned~~ by way of the main entrance

of having the place decorated from behind and the T. B. Jones
with which to give the necessary labor. I am afraid of saying that
can be given on the place that will be the person involved in
labor, furnished, and other things. I would be better off than
initially to give the property away to anyone who would assume
responsibility for it, and yet I hesitate to do that
and who would never consent to it. Also my other relatives would
protest. If I gave it to them I would not be relieved of responsibility
fully because they would look to me to help them and make no deal
after. So I just saw well worry about with it. It only the beauty and
the beautiful landscape visible to from it would pay taxes and ex-
penses all would be well.

Saturday, 15 Feb. 1903. Took wife to town through the
rain and the laundry and groceries. Both the laundry and the bank
were closed. Learned from the papers that all banks were closed
until the first of March by order of the Governor to enable the
banks to meet the heavy runs on them, especially in Baltimore. I
was brought with only six dollars in cash and was expecting to draw
some more out of the bank. Most of this went for groceries and I
wondered what we would do if the bank should remain closed. Wife
stopped at the newspaper office for a copy of the Evening Star
17 years with Mr. Grove's complimentary letter regarding my new
article. She said also that when she went into the women's market
she was greeted by several who recognized her and ask about the
the article I had written.

Sunday, 16 Feb. 1903. Cold, and frosty all day. I
spent a comfortable day in the hospital with no notes for
1903. At 4 p.m. wife and I walked across to the glass house to see
how things and the paper was. Nothing on which the children. Miss
they out with me. We returned by way of the main entrance.

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and were glad to return to our warm rooms. Just as we were sitting down to supper Otis, Ethel, and a young man came out and remained until after 9 o'clock. They were to have a cold disagreeable ride back to Washington. Wife and I were very comfortable in warm rooms with plenty of light.

Monday, 27 Feb.; clear and cold with high wind. After reading the mail wife and I went to town to see the "State Fair" with Will Rogers in it. It was a very cheerful little play. Afterwards wife had some shopping to do and we reached home at 4.30 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Hersey were already there and they stayed to talk until after 6 p.m. while the house got cold, as I did not like to interrupt their conversation to fix the fire. Before leaving for town wife ^aha come over to the Whippoorwill and confided to me that she had about sixty dollars in the Washington bank and she proposed giving Otis twenty-five of it so he could make payments on the old Buick car he thought he was acquiring from his fellow tenant at Charrydale. I discouraged this proposal because the transaction was so vague and doubtful and that Otis had plunged into it thoughtlessly and it was for him to ^rwork it out. The lesson he would learn in this way would be worth far more to him than the acquisition of an old car. If he lost out it would then be time enough to help him make a down payment on a ~~use~~ used car with a clear title and no complications. Also I expressed the opinion that a young man who had difficulty in paying his rent and grocery bills might well go without a car until he was better able to buy one and pay for its upkeep and operation.

Tuesday

~~Wednesday~~, 28 Feb.; clear, windy, and cold. Received a letter from Mr. Simon J. Lubin saying he was a candidate for the position of permanent delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and wanting to know my reaction. In the afternoon spent an hour with mother and sister. Asked sister to see

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Leslie Masser (living near her and seen by her frequently) if he would undertake the cultivation of Lower Sunny Hill on shares.

Wednesday, 1 March; clear and cold. Papers show the bank holiday as still continuing. Had a ton of coal sent out. While dressing I was amused at the antics of a dozen crows in a patch of wheat near the house and our flock of guineas chasing them. Neither seemed to be much afraid of the other. A guinea would charge a crow and when almost within striking distance the crow would leap into the air and flutter off a few yards and resume his eating. Again the guinea would charge him and again the flight would be repeated. And the guineas and the crows talked about it most acrimoniously.

Maurice Klipp called before we were dressed with some fresh pork. Wrote a letter to the editor of the Frederick Post congratulating the committee on economy and efficiency for its report. Also sent in an advertisement of the truck in exchange for a team, and also for a horse or mule for cash.

(Editor, report of economy and efficiency committee,
1 March, brown folder)

omit

28 February 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Yours of the 25th came today. Don't worry about your cranky typewriter. Mine's worse.

"I was much interested in your account of your efforts to obtain support for the appropriation which would enable the United States to resume active cooperation with the Institute. I had read that the bill had been reported out favorably by the committee, have seen no further reference to it, but assume that the item will go through either at this session or the next.

"I had already thought of you as a logical successor to Mr. Hobson as permanent delegate because of your relationship to the founder of the Institute, your interest in and devotion to the Institute, and the efforts you have made to bring about cooperation between our government and the Institute, as well as your business career and personal qualifications; also because I know that the personnel of the Institute, including the Permanent Committee, would welcome you as the son and successor of your father, the founder, as they would welcome no other American; and because I believe that your business experience, your American point of view, and the prestige of your name, would enable you to carry out the American program of useful, efficient, and economical service, as perhaps no other American could.

"Frankly, I had thought also of myself in connection with the position of permanent delegate or secretary general--because the suggestion had been made by others at various times, probably because of my connection with the Institute for some years and knowledge of agricultural, statistical and economic organization in most countries of the world. At the time of the 1928 General Assembly it was rumored about the Institute that I was to be the next Secretary General and that the Assembly had raised the salary limit with the understanding that I was to undertake the job of reorganization and making effective the American

15 February 1945

Dear Mr. Tolson:

I am sorry that I cannot reply to you more fully.

Very truly yours,

"I was much interested in your account of your efforts to

obtain support for the appropriation which would enable the United

States to resume active cooperation with the Institute. I had read

that the bill had been reported out favorably by the committee, but

now no further reference to it, but assume that the item will go

through either at this session or the next.

"I had already thought of you as a logical successor to Mr.

Hobson as permanent delegate because of your relationship to the Coun-

cil of the Institute, your interest in and devotion to the Institute,

and the efforts you have made to bring about cooperation between our

Government and the Institute, as well as your business career and per-

sonal qualifications; also because I know that the personnel of the

Institute, including the Permanent Committee, would welcome you as the

new and successful successor of your father, the founder, as they would welcome

no other American; and because I believe that your business experience,

your American point of view, and the prestige of your name, would enable

you to carry out the American program of moral, political, and economic

reconstruction, as perhaps no other American could.

"Finally, I had thought also of myself in connection with the

position of permanent delegate or secretary general--because the suc-

cession had been made by others at various times, probably because of

my connection with the Institute for some years and knowledge of the

international, statistical and economic organization in most countries of the

world. At the time of the 1938 General Assembly I was informed about

the Institute that I was to be the next Secretary General and that the

Assembly had raised the salary limit with the understanding that I was

to undertake the job of Secretary General and making effective the American

and British program. Hobson was singularly silent on the subject. The British Delegate, Mr. Thompson, said that if I would accept the position of Secretary General he, his delegation, and the British government would back me to the limit, and asked how I felt about it. I said that until the census project was completed to the satisfaction of every one concerned I gave no thought to anything else, but if the Permanent Committee asked me to become their Secretary General I would give them a definite answer within twenty-four hours. They never asked, nor did I. Later I learned that Mr. Hobson had assumed to speak for me and had assured the Permanent Committee that in no circumstances would I accept. He did this unquestionably because he wanted the U.S. to break off all relations with the Institute, and without consulting me.

"My attitude is just this: I want to see the Institute succeed, as I know it can be made to succeed, and to see the U.S. take an active part in bring^{ing} about success. I shall be glad to do anything in my power to bring about that result. If a salaried position in connection therewith is offered to me by anyone in authority I would probably accept, because both my family and financial situation have changed materially, my cash income being about ten per cent of what it was formerly. But I am not actively seeking any position because of certain inhibitions. As a young, green, awkward farm boy I w once asked for the position of teacher in a small country school--and got it. From that day to this I have never asked for a job or discussed salary or promotion with any one, nor did any one ever ask me about my pedigree, politics or religion--always there was competition for my services, until I returned to the bureau I had helped to create under a chief who owed his position primarily to me and found it in a muddle and the administrative staff in a huddle and greatly embarrassed by my presence. As soon as I realized the situation I was ready to quit, but

and British people. Hobson was extremely ill on the subject. The British people, Mr. Thompson, said that if I would accept the position of Secretary General, he, Mr. Thompson, and the British Government would back me to the limit, and asked how I felt about it. I said that until the general project was completed to the satisfaction of every one concerned I have no thought to anything else, but if the Permanent Committee asked me to become their Secretary General I would give them a definite answer within twenty-four hours. They never asked, nor did I. Later I learned that Mr. Hobson had assumed to speak for me and had assumed the Permanent Committee that in no circumstances would I accept. He did this unconstitutionally because he wanted the U.S. to break off all relations with the Institute, and without consulting me.

"My attitude is that I want to see the Institute succeed, as I know it can be made to succeed, and to see the U.S. take an active part in bringing about success. I shall be glad to do anything in my power to bring about that result. If a selected position is offered to me by anyone in authority I would accept, because both my family and financial situation have changed materially. My cash income being about two per cent of what it was formerly. But I am not actively seeking any position because of certain inhibitions. As a young, single, unmarried man I was asked for the position of teacher in a small country school--and got it. From that day to this I have never asked for a job or discussed salary or position with any one, nor did any one ever ask me about my progress, politics or religion--always there was competition for my services, until I returned to the Bureau I had helped to create under a chief who owed his position primarily to me and found it in a whole and the administrative staff in a whole and greatly enhanced by my presence. As soon as I realized the situation I was ready to quit, but

before doing so I saw my old friend, Dr.A.F.Woods, Director of Scientific Research, and explained the status of affairs so that he would understand why I was quitting. He was properly indignant and on the spur of the moment called up the Secretary by telephone and got permission to appoint me as his assistant to organize the Inter American Conference on Agriculture on the understanding that it would be temporary because there was no legal provision for such a position. When that assignment was completed to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned my service with the U.S.Department of Agriculture ended. Then it was that I realized that I was proud that I had never had to solicit, maneuver, or pull wires to secure influence to obtain employment or advancement, and that this feeling had become a fixed habit of mind so firm and a part of myself that I could not bring myself to go about in the usual way and find or make a new assignment. I understood then as now just as well as any one possibly could exactly what that means--a desirable position does not have to seek a particular man, no matter what his service and achievements have been, at a time when so many competent and qualified men are seeking the particular job. So I was and am reconciled to counting my blessings and enjoying the very real compensations of life at my mountain retreat, even though at times the thought comes to me that a certain valuable experience and demonstrated ability are going to waste at Sunny Hill.

"My only excuse for writing the foregoing is that you may clearly understand my attitude toward your candidacy for the position of Permanent Delegate--when I had also thought of the possibility that it might be offered to me, i.e.,if offered I would probably accept; if not, I would not apply for it directly or indirectly. Is that clear? I do not think that or any other position will be offered to me in the near future, so I count myself out. For the reasons stated in the second paragraph I would be glad to count you in.

before going as I saw my old friend, Dr. A. W. Wood, Director of Social
 Service, and explained the status of affairs as best he would
 understand why I was quitting. He was properly indignant and on the
 spur of the moment called up the Secretary by telephone and got per-
 mission to appoint me as his assistant to organize the Inter-American
 Conference on Agriculture on the understanding that it would be tem-
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 solicit, maneuver, or pull wires to secure influence to obtain employ-
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 means--a desirable position does not have to seek a particular man,
 no matter what his service and achievements have been, at a time when
 so many competent and qualified men are seeking the particular job.
 So I was and am reconciled to counting my blessings and enjoying the
 very real compensations of life at my mountain retreat, even though
 at times the thought comes to me that a certain valuable experience
 and demonstrated ability are going to waste at Sunny Hill.

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 understand my attitude toward your candidacy for the position of Per-
 manent Delegate--when I had also thought of the possibility that it
 might be offered to me, i.e., it offered I would probably accept; if
 not, I would not apply for it directly or indirectly. Is that clear?
 I do not think that or any other position will be offered to me in
 the near future, so I count myself out. For the reasons stated in the
 second paragraph I would be glad to count you in.

"As Chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates in direct correspondence with the Institute, as one who had discussed a number of times the affairs of the Institute with your father, and as the only delegate from the Department to the General Assembly of 1920, first after the beginning of the war, I was regarded as best informed on the subject in the Department and was consulted regarding the appointments of Dean Hunt, Prof. Stephenson, and Mr. Hobson. The Permanent Delegate is an appointee of the State Department, but there is a formal agreement in correspondence between the State and Agricultural Departments to the effect that inasmuch as the Institute has to do with agriculture the State Department will appoint as delegate only the man recommended by the Secretary of Agriculture. The recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture is based upon the recommendation of the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. The chief of the bureau will arrange either to have his own name suggested for the position or will recommend a bureau employee, such as Mr. Callander or Dr. Stine, both of whom have expressed a desire for the position, or a professor of economics in some university. No one else stands a ghost of a show. If my name were suggested my former colleagues would turn it down promptly and emphatically because I hold no degree in economics, because of my age, because while in the Department I stood for efficient service regardless of politics, because of my independence, because I am now supposed to be happily situated and out of service for good, because I never hesitated to point out even to the Secretary the weaknesses of any pet project, but most of all because I had the temerity to suggest that Mr. Hobson had misled the Department because of his personal bias and the policy of the Department with respect to the Institute was a grievous mistake. It has taken them three years to realize that mistake. So again I count myself out.

"If your name is suggested to the Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture

al Economics and his advisers it will be turned down even harder. Why? Because you aren't not--I assume you are not--a Phd. of Economics; partly because they have expressed themselves as believing that your father was a fanatic and that you are his son; partly because they think only a member of the staff of the bureau or a professional economist is competent; but your primary offense is in having taken the initiative and carried to a successful conclusion the organization of the Pan American Reciprocal Trade Conference. There are other considerations not necessary to detail. So that lets you out so far as regular procedure is concerned. Is there a way out? Yes, of course. Olsen is a trimmer and will veer with any wind that promises to fill his sails. Secretary Wallace, Sr., was scared stiff if a M.C. or Senator asked for anything. Mr. Wallace, Jr., is ~~not~~ by nature not so tractable as his father, but is his father's son and I would expect him to react in much the same way to public demand and criticism. Therefore, if a sufficient number of Senators and Representatives, or distinguished citizens or trade organizations, suggest to Secretary Wallace, Jr., the propriety and desirability of your appointment as Permanent Delegate to the Institute, the Chief of Bureau could and would readily find good and sufficient reasons to recommend your appointment and it would go through without question. Possibly some of your Latin American friends might help by suggesting that Pan America looks to the U.S. for leadership in this matter and that you would be an ideal representative at the Institute.

"I hope that I have made myself clear: A lifelong devotion to service; a feeling that ripened experience and knowledge should be utilized; a desire to be of further service, and therefore an open mind with respect to opportunities for public service; so that is why I say that if the position of permanent delegate sought me I would probably accept it; otherwise, not. My feeling is that my

service would be most valuable in connection with any committee that the new President might set up to reorganize the executive departments in Washington because for more than a third of a century my mind has been occupied more or less with that problem and I have some very definite ideas regarding it; and next to that I should logically head up the foreign work in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. But all this makes me smile as I think how often I have said to myself, 'Well, my boy, you are through with all the nasty mess of petty bureau maneuvering; one sunrise, or sunset, or flower, or bird song at Sunny Hill, is worth it all.

"Wishing you good luck, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

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E--4705

~~(Shannon & Luchs, 21 Feb., brown folder) omit~~

(" " " 24 " " " ")

(Lubin, 28 Feb., brown folder)

Thursday, 2 March; clear, cold, windy, with flakes of snow. Drove to town with wife for postage stamps and groceries. Banks still closed. Stopped at Winworth for a chicken dinner with mother and sister. Sister and wife talked so steadily that I had difficulty in getting away. Spent the rest of the day writing up notes for 1929. Heard a good address by Arthur Brisbane at the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce over the radio. To improve the financial situation he proposed that about one-half the bonds of the United States, about ten billion dollars, be converted into greenbacks so as to stop payment of interest and increase circulation, and that nontax⁹able bonds be recalled (about forty billion) so that their owners would have to pay taxes like other people, and if necessary amend the Constitution for that purpose. Heard another good talk by Mr. Kennedy of Collier's Weekly in which he said that President Hoover had done about all any man could in the trying period of his administration and was entitled to the respect of all good citizens

Friday, 3 March; fair and cool. The Frederick Post published my letter commending the economy and efficiency committee. Had one telephone call about a mule for sale. In the afternoon wrote some letters.

Then began^{ing} transcribing my shorthand notes on the typewriter, a routine drudgery that I had been dreading.

Emory ^CKline still pruning the grapevines. He said he would move from mother's house as soon as a small house was completed for him on the John Klipp place.

(Emma, 3 March, brown folder)

(Kirshen, same. omit)

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E--4706

Saturday, 4 March; cloudy and cold. Wife and I went to town for groceries and got back early. Both Emory ^CKline and his wife working, she cleaning house and he cleaning the barn and spraying some of the vines. Spent most of the day listening to the radio account of the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President. Radio reception was very good. Familiarity with Washington and the descriptions of the announcers enabled me to visualize everything clearly and very much better than if I had been on the ground in a crowd. The President's inaugural address was inspiring in both words and voice. It implied a terrible indictment of the preceding administration, both governmental and business. In the afternoon we could hear ~~a~~ band after band as it played in passing the reviewing stand, the airplanes overhead, and the conversation between the commander of the aerial squadron in the air and the chief at Bolling Field. It was announced also that the proceedings were being transmitted to many other countries. On the whole it was the most inspiring inaugural ceremony I ever heard.

The banks are still closed and unless opened within a few days it will be necessary to go to Washington for some cash with which to buy groceries. It was a real and a serious problem. I had been buying our groceries from a chain store partly because it was conveniently located and partly because it carried a very complete stock and had a quick turnover which insured freshness. But it was a cash and carry store. Now when cash was not available credit was of no value. I resolved to change at once to an old time store where I could ^cacquire credit by paying cash when I had it and rightfully expect help for a temporary period when cash failed.

Sunday, 5 March; clear and pleasant. Otis and Ethel came out after midnight. Wife and I were sitting up, expecting them, and listening to the ceremonies at the inaugural ball. It was after

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E--4707

2 a.m. when we retired.

Up late and had breakfast at 11 a.m. Spent the afternoon writing notes for 1929. Otis and Ethel came over from time to time and I gave them some wine. Wife took a walk with them in the afternoon. We had supper at 6 o'clock.

Otis said he had forfeited payments on the car he thought he was buying from his housemate and had immediately contracted for an old Ford for \$110 with monthly payments of \$12.50. He was much excited at owning a car that would run. I looked at the car and thought perhaps it might be worth \$50.

Monday, 6 Mæch; clear and pleasant. Otis and Ethel spent the night in the Cricket House and left this morning before we were awake. Read in the paper that the President had declared a bank holiday and placed an embargo on the exportation of gold, silver, and currency.

In the afternoon a Mr. Main came, riding a pretty poney and leading a decrepit and very homely old mule, which he said he had bought at auction for \$55. I thought it was probably worth thirty dollars, but rather than lose time looking for another and paying much more for it I offered forty dollars. I finally bought it for forty-five, he to deliver it to Winworth where it was to be kept.

Tuesday, 7 March; fog and rain all day. Reading and writing. Had to bail water out of the cellar. Quite a stream flowing from the end of the stone foundation under the kitchen. All banks closed and I had intended going to Washington to cash my pension check at the U.S. Treasury, but the rain prevented.

Wednesday, 8 March; clear and pleasant. Got the mail and read in the paper that all banks were authorized to cash Treasury checks. Took wife to Frederick in the afternoon, cashed a check, and we did some shopping. People who have run out of cash and have no Treasury checks having a hard time. Town very quiet because of it.

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E--4708

Two salesmen called at the house in the forenoon, one selling Singer sewing machines and the other vacuum cleaners.

Stopped to see mother and sister on the way back from town. It was rather cool in the house because they were trying to get along without buying any more coal. I told ~~sister~~ sister to send Lewis up for a truck load of wood. I went out to inspect the mules. Little Mollie was fat and sassy and whinnied to me. She was more horse than mule. The other old mule that I bought a few days ago was ver^y_^ sober, thin, and hungry.

The rest of the day was ~~sp~~^t spent reading and writing up notes for 1929.

Thursday, 9 March; clear and windy. Had a letter from Thelma saying they were in debt \$80 in addition to the \$25 I let her have. Lewis and a helper was up for a truck load of wood for sister, took some corn along for the mules, and returned for a truck load of wood for ^hhimself. After they left I cut some peony tops. The paper announced the appointment of Prof. Tugwell as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, the one whom Mr. Lubin consulted in New York. Had a letter from Mr. Lubin regarding his candidacy for the position of American Delegate at the Institute in Rome.

Friday, 10 March; clear, cold, and windy. Wife and sister had both expressed a desire to go to Washington so I took them in today. Wife visited Mrs. Dr. Jones and then Mrs. Trego. Sister went shopping with Eunice. I went to the Cosmos Club, read the papers, had luncheon and then read some magazine articles. I saw only one person I knew, Dr. Steuart of the Census Bureau. I walked down F Street and bought a pair of colored glasses to protect my eyes on the return trip. The special session of Congress passed a new banking bill that means the reorganization of the banking system of the country. People much excited and disturbed because they cannot check against their deposits.

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E--479 4709

The ride back was disagreeable because of the strong wind which made steering difficult and the noise was nerveracking. We were all glad to get back.

Saturday, 11 March; clear, windy, and cold. Took wife to town for groceries. There was a sudden and unexpected flare-up between us at the entrance gate. Always when I stop^{Ped} at the gate or the mail box she insisted on being the one to get out, but instead of actually making a move to get out she would ^{remain seated} stop^a to argue about it, and while she would be arguing I would get out and be back in my seat before she was through. And then she would argue about why I did not let her get out. This was always irritating to me because I dislike to argue about such a trivial matter. This time I lost my temper and said I wished she would keep quiet, that she never had and never would get out instead of arguing about it, and that it was bad enough to have to stop the car and climb in and out of it without having an argument every time. This hurt her feelings and she said never again would she offer to help me. I said that would be fine if she would apply the ^a same rule to others and not eternally offer unwelcome help, advice, or argument. I was sorry for the argument but hoped that in future I might be permitted to open gates and get the mail ^{without} offers, protests, and arguments. It is curious how such little things can arouse so much feeling and unhappiness between husband and wife.

Sunday, 12 March; clear, windy, and pleasant. Otis and Ethel came after midnight and spent the night in the Cricket House. We had breakfast about 11 o'clock. In the afternoon Otis took Ethel to Martinsburg to visit her folks. I spent the day writing. Otis and Ethel were back in time for supper.

Monday, 13 March; raining. Lewis was up and brought some wood to the cellar until it began to rain heavily. Read the mail and spent

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E--4710

the rest of the day writing. Had a nap. Rather gloomy day. In the evening while I was writing wife rang for me to come over. It was to answer a telephone call. It turned out to be a sparrow fluttering against the kitchen window which she thought was a telephone. I rescued the bird and put it in the shrubbery. Today the President sent a message regarding beer to Congress, the shortest Presidential message of record.

Tuesday, 14 March; clear and warm. Lewis spent the day hauling wood to the cellar. I went to town for a haircut, the laundry, and some groceries. Stopped at Winworth, Sister had fallen into the cellar, but was uninjured except for the shock. ^{At} ~~About~~ the same time mother had tripped over a basket full of eggs and broke three dozen, some of which fell on sister. Naturally she was not in very good humor, but was able to laugh at it after it was all over. Nothing quite like a farm for excitement.

After reading the mail I began ^{to} outline a talk I had been asked to give at Walkersville next Monday evening.

(Wallace, 2 letters, one of which may not have been mailed.
14 March, brown folder)

14 March 1933.

"Hon. Henry A. Wallace,

"Secretary of Agriculture.

"Dear Mr. Wallace:

"I am still very much alive and interested in my alma mater, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and from my mountain retreat I wish to congratulate you upon your appointment and your opportunities to reorganize and effect economies in the Department that are, or were, badly needed. My own rather unusual experience in organization and reorganization work both at home and abroad suggests that the occasion might arise when that experience might be of real service. If so, please let me know. Otherwise, please accept my warm congratulations and best wishes.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4711

Wednesdy, 15 March; thunder storm last night; clearing and colder. Crocuses and myrtle in bloom and buds beginning to swell. Wife and I took a walk to see them and to the mail box and back. Stubby followed us to the mail box and the other cats followed and played about in the fields. In the afternoon I cleaned up about the woodpile. Emory ^CKline was up^a and admitted he had the digging iron and an axe that I had been looking for. Said he had three hours work at the foundry in Frederick this week and ~~said he~~ hoped to vacate mother's house on the first of next month. Some of the banks in Frederick opened today. The buds beginning to swell and spring was in the air. The wheat fields in the valley were just a shade greener. The morning clouds over the ^avalley threw purple and violet shadows. I could see clealy two parallel ridges east of the Monocacy River that were made visible by the shadows but ordinarily cannot be distinguished.

Had a letter from Thelma complaining of poverty, her work, deprivation of her "rights," that she had no pleasure, wishing she were rich, and expressing envy of Ethel because she thought Ethel had nothing to do but have a good time. This letter irritated me greatly because it was a written expression of a point of view and ideas I had suspected was back of her defiant and deceitful attitude before her marriage, which I also suspected was a part of Otis's trouble, the idea that to them life was to be one great joyful picnic and that neither of them was ever to have to work or assume responsibility of any kind. Otis had said as much, but Thelma, more secretive and deceitful, had never expressed herself openly before to us. Wrote a long letter, but after reading it over decided not to send it.

(Thelma, 15 March, [✓]2 letters, one withheld and the other mailed. Brown folder)

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4712

Thursday, 16 March; clear, cool, pleasant. Wife asked me to drive her over to Walkersville where I ~~am~~^{would} to speak Monday evening. We went early in the afternoon and drove about the place, which is several city blocks in extent. It is an old fashioned country town of neat homes ~~and~~^{of} retired farmers and their families. It had a one story brick highschool, several churches, a small postoffice, bank, and railway station. It is on the other side of the Monocacy River with a new bridge over it. On the way back we stopped in Frederick for supplies. An agent for a fertilizer company called and stayed quite awhile. Said he grew up in Florida and was in the Marines for several years.

Friday, 17 March; a lovely day. Raked the dead grass off the terrace next to the Whippoorwill and burned some brush. Brought mother and sister up in the sedan for a shad fish dinner and took them back. We picked the first small narcissus and some crocuses for the table. Had some good Irish music over the radio.

Saturday, 18 March; cloudy, showers, rather cold. After a late breakfast took wife to town. Began trading with Staub's because I did not wish to be caught again when the banks are closed and my cash was low with a cash-and-carry store that could not extend any credit. Did some work in preparation for the Walkersville talk. This morning while we were dressing Emory ^C Kline's little boy and one other ~~me~~brought back the axe and digging iron that his father had borrowed many weeks before. I first saw them standing back of the kitchen, too diffident to knock. Wife gave them each an orange and they were so overcome that they could not thank her, but they could not conceal their smiles

Sunday, 19 March; rain, fog, and cold. W Drafting a letter to my old friend, Nat C. Murray. Had a nap about noon, Mr. Price and Thelma, and the baby, arrived about 2.30 p.m. and did not leave un-

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4713

til after 8 p.m. He was looking quite well after his severe illness. So also did Junie, the baby, so named because his parents foolishly called him "Junior." My wife turned this into "June Bug," and then "Junie," which last will probably stick. Had I been nicknaming him I might have called him "Onion," nearest equivalent to "Young un," "Young one," the equivalent of "Junior," and more distinctive.

Monday, 20 March; rain, heavy fog, and cold. A northeast wind drove the rain through the east wall and wet the wallpaper.

In the evening wife and I left at 7 ~~p.m.~~ o'clock. A heavy fog was on the mountain and we had to creep along. In the ^avalley it was raining more and more heavily. We crossed the Monocacy on the new bridge and strained our eyes looking for the road that turned off to Walkersville but missed it. I was not sure that we had missed ~~it~~ until we had gone a ~~not~~ mile or two beyond. I stopped at a house and inquired the way, and even then we had difficulty in finding it.

We found the highschool building in which the Men's Club was meeting. I met one of the teachers, a doctor, a preacher, and several others to whom I was introduced. After prayer and songs I was introduced as the principal speaker and spoke for an hour on rural life abroad. They were very appreciative and said the address was a great success. However, while this ~~was~~ gratifying I felt that I never wanted to venture to drive a car again on such a rainy night on a road with which I was not familiar.

(Murray, 20 March, brown folder) ~~omit~~

til after 8 p.m. He was looking quite well after his severe ill-

ness. So also did Jamie, the baby, as named because his parents

foolishly called him "Junior." My wife turned this into "June

Bug," and then "Jamie," which last will probably stick. Had I been

nicknaming him I might have called him "Onton," nearest equivalent

to "Young Man," "Young one," the equivalent of "Junior," and more

distinctive.

Monday, 30 March: rain, heavy fog, and cold. A northeast

wind drove the rain through the east wall and wet the wallpaper.

In the evening wife and I left at 7 1/2 o'clock. A heavy fog

was on the mountain and we had to creep along. In the valley it was

rainy more and more heavily. We crossed the Monocacy on the new

bridge and strained our eyes looking for the road that turned off

to Belknapville but missed it. I was not sure that we had missed it

until we had gone a 1/2 mile or two beyond. I stopped at a house and

inquired the way, and even then we had difficulty in finding it.

We found the high school building in which the Men's Club

was meeting. I met one of the teachers, a doctor, a preacher,

and several others to whom I was introduced. After prayer and songs

I was introduced as the principal speaker and spoke for an hour on

rural life abroad. They were very appreciative and said the address

was a great success. However, while this was gratifying I felt that

I never wanted to venture to drive a car again on such a rainy night

on a road with which I was not familiar.

(Murray, 30 March, 1935, from folder)

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4714

Tuesday, 21 March; fair after a rainy night with high~~x~~ wind. At breakfast time two of the girls from the lower place came with the rent. They had with them a half grown pup of the Collie persuasion that was very friendly and they had offered him to me several times before when I admired him. This time they said I could keep him, so I tied him up. He wiggled about so much that I named him ~~Wix~~ Wiggle-waggles. ~~Emery~~ Emory ~~Kline~~ came ~~y~~ up to work on the wire fence that had been pulled loose ~~fr~~ near the mail box. Some strange dogs were barking above the Whippoorwill and because they would not go away when I hollered at them and three~~y~~ stones at them I took the ~~shot~~ gun and shot in the direction of one of them. He gave a yelp and the pack left. This mountain seems to be alive with dogs that wander about from place to place. I hate to shoot at dogs but am determined that we shall not be annoyed by their barking about the houses for hours at a time. There seems to be no way to get rid of them except shooting. The lawn grass and wheat fields looking a trifle greener.

Wednesday, 22 March; cloudy and cold. After breakfast I drove to town in the sedan. Stopped at Lucy Whipp's at her telephone request. She wanted me to help sell two Colorado spruce trees in her front yard. She gave me a glass of beer that seemed rather thin but nevertheless made me feel better. Glad Congress has authorized the sale of 3.2 per cent beer, even though it may prove disappointing, because it is the beginning of the end of the futile and obnoxious 18th Amendment. I left the laundry and did some errands. On the way back I stopped at Winworth and found sister, mother, and Eunice preparing to go to town for a picture show. After I got back I let the dogs loose for awhile. Took Wiggles into the Whippoorwill and he was so frightened that he leaked a good deal but soon quieted down. Later took the two dogs with me to the Narcissus patch where I found

Tuesday, 21 March: Fair after a rainy night with high wind.
At breakfast time two of the girls from the lower place came with
the rent. They had with them a half grown pup of the Collie pattern
also that was very friendly and they had offered him to me several
times before when I advised him. This time they said I could keep
him, so I tied him up. He weighed about so much that I named him
Wally. Mary Anne came up to work on the wire
fence that had been pulled loose by near the mill dam. Some strange
dogs were barking above the Whippoorwill and because they would not
go away when I hollered at them and there were at them I took the
best gun and shot in the direction of one of them. He gave a yelp
and the pack left. This mountain seems to be alive with dogs that
wander about from place to place. I hate to shoot at dogs but am
determined that we shall not be annoyed by their barking about the
house for hours at a time. There seems to be no way to get rid of
them except shooting. The lawn grass and wheat fields looking a
little greener.

Wednesday, 22 March: cloudy and cold. After breakfast I drove
to town in the sedan. Stopped at Lucy Whipple's at her telephone
quest. She wanted me to help sell two Colorado source trees in her
front yard. She gave me a glass of beer that seemed rather thin but
nevertheless made me feel better. Glad Congress has authorized the
sale of 5.2 per cent beer, even though it may prove disappointing,
because it is the beginning of the end of the futile and obnoxious
18th Amendment. I left the laundry and did some errands. On the
way back I stopped at Winworth and found sister, mother, and Eunice
preparing to go to town for a picture show. After I got back I let
the dogs loose for awhile. Took Wally into the Whippoorwill and he
was so frightened that he looked a good deal but soon quieted down.
Later took the two dogs with me to the Narrows path where I found

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4715

a few early blossoms. At the upper end of the field Sandy took Wiggles with him and they were gone nearly half an hour. Sandy utterly refuses to come when called or to obey any command. He seems to care nothing for human beings, which irritates me and makes me want to get rid of him. Wiggles seems to be of a more tractable disposition.

Thursday, 23 March; cloudy and snowing all day, but snow melts as it falls. Took the two dogs with me to the mailbox, where I found an accumulation of Washington papers, result of subscription expiring without notice, discontinuance, and renewal. The maneuvers of Wiggles and the cats were amusing. He was more afraid of them than they of him, but both were very curious as to each other, and Sandy ^{was} ~~is~~ clearly jealous of Wiggles. By supper time Wiggles had disappeared. By telephone wife ascertained that he had returned to his former home with the Sheets family. I strongly suspected that Sandy had driven him away. It was a fine day to stay in the house and enjoy warmth and comfort.

*A letter to the ^{of the Frederick Post on}
(The Editor "Sunny Hill Cats," ^{was mailed and published}
~~brown folder~~)
a few days later.*

(Orstrup, 23 March, brown folder)

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4716

Friday, 24 March; clear and cold. After going to the mailbox I walked to the lower place. Noted that the spring was clogged with leaves and should be cleaned out. Stepped into the Sheets house. It did not look very well. The three or four women in it were two lazy and indifferent to keep it clean. They brought out Wiggles who was ~~ga~~ glad to see me.

Mother called up to congratulate me on my birthday. Neither I nor any other member of the family except her ever took any interest in it. I was not in a very good humor when she called this time, because I had just gone to the Whippoorwill, tired, removed my shoes, and settled down comfortably to writing, when the call came and I had to put on my shoes, turn off the radio, put out the lights, and walk across to the main house--all to be reminded that it was my ~~ba~~ birthday. Damn birthdays and anniversaries anyway.

Saturday, 25 March; snowing and cold. Mrs. ^CKline up to clean house. Wife and I went to town for the laundry and supplies. Read the mail and wrote some letters. Had a letter from the secretary of Secretary Wallace, acknowledging my letter, purely routine and formal, which was rather disappointing. A letter from the real/estate agents saying that the check on a Washington bank that I sent them in payment of taxes could not be used because the bank was closed. This made it necessary to send them another check on a Frederick bank that was open, which left me practically nothing for farming operations. This shortage came about partly from the cash allowance I had made to wife during her vacation.

(Ornstrup, 25 March, brown folder)

25 March 1933.

"Mr. Victor Ornstrup,
O.K.Co-op.Milk Assn.,
Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of the 21st has been forwarded to me from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

"No, I know of no book in English describing agricultural methods in Argentina except the bulletin I wrote many years ago, probably the one that you mention. Except this bulletin not much has been published on the subject, even in Spanish. If you wrote the Ministerio de Agricultura at Buenos Aires you would probably get Spanish translations on the same subject published by the U.S.Department of Agriculture, with dates changed to fit the reverse seasons of that country.

"If you are thinking of going to Argentina or of investing money there for heaven's sake learn Spanish first. Otherwise you would be as helpless there as an Argentine who could not speak English would be in the U.S. This reminds me of a young Argentinian on an estancia who said he went to New York on a cattle boat and was there two weeks. I asked him how he liked it. He ~~said~~ said he had a terrible time and nearly starved--because the only English names of food he knew were 'bread,' 'milk,' and 'eggs,' and that was all he had to eat for two weeks.

"In the manuscript of my bulletin I tried to answer all the questions an American might ask, but that portion was cut out by the department editors.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4717

Sunday, 26 March; snowing and cold. Spent the day reading and writing. Emory ^CKline called about ~~wire~~ work. Snowing most of the day. Excellent radio reception and good music.

As a matter of habitual routine I spent most of my spare time in the Whippoorwill until 10 p.m. writing notes on my travels, and after that hour in bed until midnight reading the current magazines and one or more books from the Book-of-the-Month Club, and because this routine was habitual no mention is made of it in the diary. Also because of the late hour of retiring we were habitually late in getting up, doing the chores, and ~~at~~ eating breakfast, which came any hour from 9 a.m. to noon.

Monday, 27 March; clearing and thawing. The mail carrier was late and I had to make two trips to the mailbox, a third of a mile distant and up a steep hill. Spent the rest of the day writing an article on Adopted Children.

Lewis and his son-in-law came up for a stove and pipe to put in one of mother's little houses that the son-in-law ^{of Lewis} expected to rent as soon as Emory vacates. The pup, Wiggles, was kept with me most of the day and behaved very well.

(27 March, "Why We Adopted Children and the Result. ~~brown folder.~~ omit

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4718

Tuesday, 28 March; clear and pleasant, with wind. Mailed the article on adopted children to the Forum. Last night wife came over to the Whippoorwill to aské me to take her, mother, and sister, to Washington today. I was very reluctant and was hoping it would rain. It did not rain, so we left shortly ~~at~~ after 10 o'clock, stopping for mother and sister, and separated on reaching Washington. I went to the Cosmos Club for a few minutes and then walked to the Harrington Hotel to attend the regular luncheon of the Farm Hands Club. Fairly good attendance. A Mr. Collingwood outlined the difficulties to be encountered in the proposal to employ 250,000 men in forestry relief work. Other members expressed themselves as being very pessimistic ~~reg~~ regarding various measures recommended by the President to bring about better times. Mr. Loomis made the statement that economy on the part of the federal government was a mistake, but curiously enough he thought it was all right for the states and counties to economize. This seemed rather strange to me and I expressed the opinion that the entire country was back of the President's proposal to cut down the expenses of government because most of the country was out of employment and incomes had been greatly reduced and it was only right and very necessary that the salaries of public employes should be reduced in about the same proportion.

At the Cosmos Club I looked into Punch and saw a picture of a boy and a railway employe on the platform at a station. Underneath was the dialogue: The boy asked "When does my train come in?" The employee answered, "At 4.44 p.m., and I have already answered that question five times." "I know," said the boy, "but I like to see your whiskers wiggle."

My "cat" article~~s~~ appeared in the Frederick Post today.

Wednesday, 29 March; a bright beautiful day. Yesterday wife bought and presented to me a small clock but to pay for it had to

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4719

borrow a dollar, with the result that I had to go to the mailbox before breakfast to mail a dollar to the creditor. At time^s during the day I raked up and carted off from the drives and lawns leaves and twigs that had accumulated during the winter. The dogs enjoyed this exercise greatly. Also the appearance of the place was greatly improved. I enjoyed the work but soon got very tired. Did a little writing. Had a letter from Lubin saying that the resolution resuming relations between the Department of Agriculture and the International Institute of Agriculture had been ~~def~~ defeated and was opposed by the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Thursday, 30 March; a lovely day. After breakfast I pruned the Cherokee rose bush. Narcissus growing rapidly. Shortly before 1 p.m. we ^{went} ~~drove~~ down to Winworth and had a nice chicken dinner. Then I drove the family across to the other side of Braddock and visited the Connelly brother and sister. They had a large house and eight acres of ground with a lot of outbuildings. He was rather feeble and I wondered how they would get along after such a complete change of life from offices in Chicago to a small farm without city conveniences. While there a relative, wife of an oculist in Frederick, called. She said she greatly ~~en~~ enjoyed reading my effusions in the local paper. I would not like the place because the electric railway runs directly in front of the house and every time a car passes the radio is put out of commission. After supper Emory came up to ask if I could loan him an old suit that he could wear to the funeral of a relative as he had nothing but the working clothes he had on. I let him have an old blue woolen suit I had bought in London.

(Lubin, 30 March, brown folder)

30 March 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Your letter of the 24th reached me the 28th after my return from a day in Washington. Sorry I did not get it in the morning instead of the afternoon because I attended a luncheon of the Farm Hands Club, made up of representatives of the agricultural press, agricultural organizations, and the Department in Washington, and they might have thrown some light on what happened to the Institute resolution on March 16. Personally I have no information, but from what you say I infer that the resolution was lost because of

"(1) The economy program of the new administration; or

"(2) The Farm Bureau lobbyists in Washington may have passed the word along to the Congressional committee having the matter in charge, although I doubt if they would do it on their own initiative.

"I know of only two individuals who would have a personal interest in seeing the resolution defeated, Mr. Hobson and Mr. Olsen, Mr. Hobson because of his personal controversy with officials of the Institute would regard the defeat of the resolution as a vindication of his course and another blow at his dearest enemy. Mr. Olsen would be gratified at the defeat of the resolution because he hopes (or did in 1930) to make the Foreign Section of his Bureau a rival and competitor of the Institute and thereby justify its increased cost, which he thinks will be easier if funds and cooperation are withheld from the Institute. The Foreign Section was greatly expanded in 1930 with additional funds set aside for that purpose by the newly organized Federal Farm Board, suggested no doubt by Mr. Hobson who had been called in by the board as an expert adviser on foreign affairs by his friends, Prof. Gay and Dr. A. E. Taylor, who had been employed by the Board to organize a foreign information service. By a peculiar coincidence Mr. Hobson arrived in Washington the week Prof. Gay and Dr. Taylor were groping for a solution of their problem. Then, so the

Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics told me, Mr. Hobson informed them that the grant was conditional upon his retention in service to reorganize the expanded Foreign Section, and he was so retained. From Mr. Olsen himself I learned of the plan to set up a competing organization to the Institute in the Bureau. He might well reason that the weaker the Institute is kept the better his chances of obtaining funds to maintain the enlarged service in his bureau.

"When I returned to the Bureau I found that Mr. Olsen, Mr. Dunlap, Assistant Secretary, and many others were completely sold on the idea that the American Delegate had been shamefully treated, but when I suggested that the treatment of the American Delegate was provoked by the attitude and conduct of Mr. Hobson I was met with incredulity.

"If I learn anything definite I will gladly advise you.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, March, S.H.)

E--4720

Friday, 31 March; softly raining all day. Up late, got the mail and read it, and then did some writing. Had a nice supper of pork steak and sweet potatoes.

The month had been cold and wet. No plowing done. The berberis bushes beginning to break buds. The clump of narcissus in the fern bed beginning to show color.

Saturday, 1 April; rain in the morning, bright afternoon. Wife and I drove through the rain to Frederick for supplies. On the way back stopped at Winworth and paid mother for Emory's work to apply on his rent. Emory moved out and the son-in-law of Lewis moved in today. This is universal farm moving day in Frederick County. Wife busy with housework. After a short rest I pruned the climbing roses about the veranda. Then cut some locust sprouts along the east border. I was very tired after it. We had a nice Irish stew for supper. Over the radio we heard some of the ceremonies at the opening of the holy door at St. Peters in Rome. The voices were clear and distinct. While I was working in the east border Stubby, the cat, played about.

Sunday, 2 April; fair and warm with showers late afternoon. Mr. Price brought up Thelma and the baby last evening and spent the night and day with us. Their visit took a good deal of my time. I could wish that they would leave earlier in the evening. I sat with them awhile after supper and then went over to the Whippoorwill. They soon followed. The child is a nice little fellow, but like all young children expects to monopolize the attention of all grownups present.

I read the papers and did a little writing after they left.

Monday, 3 April; clear and springlike. Got the mail and read it. Then made a box cover for the Cricket House cistern. Brought tubs from the barn to the packing room at the Whippoorwill. Did several other odd jobs and got very tired. The two dogs killed a young rooster and partly ate it and were very much ashamed of themselves afterwards.

(1033, April, S.H.)

E--4721

Afterwards Wiggles came to the Whippoorwill and I let him in. I had occasion to go over to the other house and he did not want to come out so I closed the door on him and left. He became frightened at being left alone and I could hear him yelping frantically. When I went back he groveled on the floor and I quieted him with a little petting. Then I discovered that he had been on each of the windowsills in his efforts to get out and had tipped over all the flower vases with water in them. He knew he had done wrong and that was why he groveled so and tried to propitiate me.

Mr. Leonard, an elderly gentleman from Maine, with his daughter and another young lady teacher from Hood College, were out for some flowers. They spoke of the cat article and wanted to see the cats.

Tuesday, 4 April; partly cloudy and cool. I went to town for groceries and other things. Took ^{da} ~~Ox~~ Whipp and her little boy to town and left them there. When I returned wife was much excited because the dogs had chased the large rooster and tore out most of his tail feathers. I caught Sandy, the older dog, put a chain on him, took him to the barn and rubbed a lot of feathers on his nose and then flogged him, after which I chained him to a tree. The younger dog, Wiggles, was very apologetic when I scolded him.

In the afternoon I picked some narcissus and filled all the vases. A car came up with a chauffeur and four women in it. They paid no attention to me but drove to the narcissus field, stopped a few minutes and then drove away.

The papers were full of the disaster to the Akron, the great dirigible that was beaten down by a squall last night.

Am reading a book about Henry M. Stanley by a German author that is very good.

Wednesday, 5 April; a lovely day. A plumber was out to set up a pump in the Cricket House cistern before we were up. Lewis was up

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4722

with the old mule and plowed in the gardens all day. After getting the mail I sowed clover and grass seed on thin spots in the lawns. Did some pruning and burning of brush and trash. Sister Nellie ~~wrote~~ wanted to know if I wished her to continue to supervise the picking and packing of the flowers for sale and shipment and I said I did, the same as she had done for many years.

Sent a story to the of the Frederick Post about
~~(The Editor - "Fairies and Jinxes," brown folder, which~~

7 Apr.
was published a few days later.

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4723

Thursday, 6 April; showers and fog. I had missed my glasses the evening before. I went over to the Whippoorwill the first thing after getting up to look for them. They were not there. Then I tried to retrace my steps and actions the evening before. I found them under the cherry tree where I had released Sandy. Evidently in leaping about he had jostled them off and I had not missed them at the time in the semidarkness. After reading the mail and writing awhile I took a nap. After supper there was thunder and lightening for the first time this season. The beer law went into effect at midnight and in many cities there were celebrations of the return of beer.

and that Mr. Miller, chief steward, and his family were planning to
visit ("Fairies and Jinxes," 6 April, brown folder) *unt*

Friday, 7 April; a lovely day. Wife and I went to town, and while the sedan was being serviced, we sat through a picture show. I saw a family who had been visiting in the place which they thought was for sale. I suspected that sister had told me that the lower place was for sale and the rumor had spread that the upper place was for sale. After ringing in the thing we had purchased in Frederick and picking some flowers I went over to the Whippoorwill. A family from Frederick came up and drove around without stopping. Wife had a nice supper of baked sweet potatoes and pork steak. The evening was growing very beautiful day by day.

Sunday, 9 April, sunshine, but hard so one could not see. Sugar Leaf just across the valley. Had the chores and picked some flowers. Then listened to the radio and began to write. Had a number of visitors for flowers. One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Leander, from Stateville, were out with the bottles of wine which they gave me. He walked about the place and he expressed a desire for two more. I got a specimen of the third and was for him when I saw

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4724

Friday, 7 April; clear and cool, following rain in the night. Mailed the fairy story to the Post in Frederick. After breakfast I cut out a log that had fallen across the path near the spring. Then cleaned out the spring that had been clogged with an accumulation of leaves. Read the mail and did some writing. A man with his family drove out from Frederick who said he had been told that Sunny Hill was for sale. I told him I would sell the lower place for \$5,000. Sister came up to pick some narcissus for the hotel and I helped her. She said that the hotel had advised her that they would not pay more than \$ twenty dollars a month for flowers this year, and that Mr. Miller, chief steward, and his family were planning to board with her this summer.

Sunny Hill, Saturday, 8 April; a lovely day. Wife and I went to town, and while the sedan was being serviced, we sat through a picture show. Lewis said a family was out from Washington to look over the place which they thought was for sale. I suspected that sister had told some one that the lower place was for sale and the rumor had spread that the upper place was for sale. After bringing in the things we had purchased in Frederick and picking some flowers I went over to the Whippoorwill. A family from Frederick came up and drove around without stopping. Wife had a nice supper of baked sweet potatoes and pork steak. The valley was growing more beautiful day by day.

Sunday, 9 April; sunshine, but hazy so one could not see Sugar Loaf just across the valley. Did the chores and picked some flowers. Then listened to the radio and began to write. Had a number of visitors for flowers. One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Sauder, from Hyattsville, were out with two bottles of wine which they gave me. We walked about the place and he expressed a desire for two white lilacs. I got a spade and dug three small ones for him which I sup-

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4725

passed were white because they came from a row of white ones. Later sister called my attention to the fact that I had picked the one place where there was a p purple lilac in the row. Among the visitors was one group that wanted to see the cats I had written about. Otis and Ethel came in the late afternoon and left late at night.

Monday, 10 April; a sunny warm day. Lewis plowing in the gardens and in the late afternoon I took the plow in the pickup down to the lower place. Sister, Eunice, and Elizabeth, picking and tying flowers most of the day. Many visitors called to see the narcissus and a few bought some. It is quite evident that people are poor and hesitate to spend money for flowers. A real estate dealer in Frederick telephoned that a Major Rodgers of the War College in Washington expects to retire soon and was looking about for a nice place to live after he retires. I am hoping something will come of this interest in Sunny Hill.

Tuesday, 11 April; showery. We were up early and before we had finished breakfast Sister Nellie had ~~packed~~^{packed} and labeled six boxes of narcissi. I got away with them at 8.30 a.m. and ~~we~~ drove to Gaithersburg to ship them by express to Washington. I gave a ride to a young man from Gaithersburg to Frederick. He said he was on his way to his home in Columbus after having been to the Pacific Coast and down to Miami. Did some shopping and stopped to see mother on the way out. Sister and three or four helpers all day picking and tying narcissi. My fairy story appeared in the Frederick Post today.

Wednesday, 12 April; rain and sunshine. Cellar with water in it and I used up most of my energy hailing it out. Took a load of flowers to the express office in Frederick for New York. In the afternoon sister and a group of women helpers picking narcissi. Had a number of visitors and let them pick flowers at five cents a

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4726

dozen. In this way ~~sold~~ I took in \$2.25.

I ^awas provoked at my wife in the afternoon. I was writing in the Cubby Hole and heard a knock at the door. I called out "Come in." There was another knock and again I called out "Come in." Then I went to the door and ~~opened~~ it. My wife was there with all the expression of a stranger. She said she wanted ^{to pick} some flowers. I said "Why ask me? They are yours as well as mine. Help yourself just as I do." "But, of course, I expect to pay for them," she continued. What can a husband say to a wife who acts and talks in that way. To this day I have not the slightest idea of why she said it, but I do ~~na~~ know that I was filled with a feeling of exasperation. I could only surmise that she was hurt because sister was in active charge of the picking and packing of the flowers for shipment.

Thursday, 13 April; clear and cool. Took a consignment of flowers to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington. Back at 11 a.m. and feeling tired. Had a telegram from a firm in New York to send narcissus for Easter. Went down to tell sister about it. She and her helpers were picking. One visitor was interested in the truck I wanted to sell but before buying it he wanted to see what disposition he could make of an old truck he already had. A number of visitors were out to view the flowers.

An unfortunate misunderstanding with wife arose over the flowers. I was in the Whippoorwill kneeling before the stove which I had filled with paper and wood to make a fire. I lit a piece of paper and was in the act of thrusting it in the stove quickly to keep from burning my fingers, when she entered and interrupted to ask if she might help pick and pack flowers that day. I was so intent on what I was doing that I answered mechanically "See Sister Nellie; she is in charge." Wife was offended and kept herself hidden all day. She had picked some narcissi the evening before and mail-

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E--4727

ed them to her half-sister, Mrs. Yost, in Washington. There was no conceivable reason why she should not do this and I was rather pleased than otherwise that she had done so. This evening she announced that she had set aside the money with which to pay Sister Nellie for these flowers. I was slow in comprehending what she was talking about and when I understood expressed surprise that she should suggest it. But she insisted in deadly earnest because "they were my sister's flowers." I said laughingly that this was the first time it had ever been suggested to me that the flowers at Sunny Hill belonged to my sister who was merely helping handle them for whatever I could afford to pay her after they were sold. But wife was still firm in her assertion that she would pay me to pay sister for the flowers. I was filled with rage and told her that I would refuse to accept the money, as would my sister, and that I wanted her to think the matter over carefully and see if she could see ~~just~~ just how insulting she had been to both me and my sister. Then I left and came over to the Whippoorwill, my heart filled with bitterness, as no doubt hers was. I regretted it all the more because she had been so agreeable and wifely until the flower season opened. I could only infer that she resented the authority I had given my sister to look after the harvesting and shipping of the flowers. Surely a little thought on her part would have convinced her that great quantities of flowers had to be picked, sorted, counted, tied, and packed in the shortest possible time to prevent loss and that my sister was experienced in this work, knew just what to do, and did it expeditiously and efficiently, and while doing it mother was looking ~~at~~ after Winworth house. If wife had attempted to do what sister was doing there would have been lost motion at every step because of her lack of experience, and to leave her free to do this it would have been necessary to hire some one to look after the

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4728

house and cook our meals. It was all so clear to me that I never thought that wife would be affected by it any more than she was when I hired men to plow and cultivate the ground in which the flowers grew. But clearly she was hurt and unhappy. She kept herself hidden for most of the week.

Friday, 14 April; clear and pleasant. The unhappy difference with wife unfitted me either to read or write. I was both too tired and nervous to sleep. Sister Nellie and Eunice were up before I dressed and packed and labeled eight large boxes of narcissi. I took them to the express office in Frederick and then telegraphed the firm in New York that the shipment would go forward. Many visitors were out and sales amounted to about ten dollars.

Mrs. ^CKline and wife worked all day changing the curtains in the main house. The last visitors lingered and delayed our supper and prevented us from hearing a certain program, Amos and Andy, over the radio. Had a letter from Walker Chapman, friend of Otis, saying he feared he would lose his government job on July first and asking what I thought he could do on a small farm. .

Wife in better humor today and more cheerful.

Saturday, 15 April; cloudy and cool. By the time wife and I were up both sister and Lewis had gone to town with flowers. Helpers were in the ^{field} ~~field~~ picking. Eunice came up later. Visitors began to arrive to view the flowers and make small purchases. Wife and I went to town for supplies. I bought a case of the attenuated 3.2 beer. We were back at 1 p.m. Many visitors out in the afternoon and the patch picked pretty clean. We took in about thirty-six dollars from local sales this week, with Elizabeth yet to be heard from.

The Morningstar family came out while I was away. They live like Gypsies and pick wild flowers or get flowers from farm gardens

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4729

and sell them on the streets of Frederick. They proceeded to the narcissus field and began picking and tying blossoms. When Eunice spoke to Mrs. Morningstar she was told by the latter that she had seen me in town and had arranged with me for the flowers. This, of course, was wholly untrue but there was nobody at Sunny Hill at the time to dispute her word.

Read in the Florists Exchange that Mr. Austin had been appointed Director of the Census to succeed Mr. Steuart.

A letter from Emma Burton said she would visit us as soon as she could leave.

(Austin, 15 April, brown folder) *omit*

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4730

Sunday, 16 April; rain and fog. Had to bail water out of the cellar several times during the day. Otis and Ethel came out during the night. Wrote some letters. Finished my supply of wine. Dr. Jones, who was expected out with his family, telephoned that he hesitated to come because of the rain and wife advised him to postpone his visit. One family came out for flowers.

(Walker, 16 April, brown folder)

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4731

Monday, 17 April; heavy fog until 10 o'clock. Carried out a lot of water from the cellar. Wife and I walked to the mailbox. Saw a lot of bloodroot blossoms. Buds swelling. Streams gushing. Read the mail. Hung the screen doors. Did some other odd jobs. Had some visitors and sold a few flowers. Sister and one helper picking some late blossoms. I ~~and~~ dug up some grass with tremendous root systems near the garage. ~~State~~ Started to take a nap in the afternoon when Emory ^Ekline came up and sat for a long time. A beautiful thunder storm passed over the valley as we were eating supper.

Tuesday, 18 April; a lovely day. Sister Nellie went to town ~~with~~ with flowers for the hotel and was back before we had breakfast. She had several helpers picking narcissi. I drove to town with the laundry and brought out supplies. Then transplanted some clematis vines and yucca plants. In the afternoon the Morningstar family came out for more flowers. She tendered twenty-five cents in part payment for the flowers she had taken last Saturday. I asked why she could not pay all that she owed. She began to whine and said that they had been unable to find work and needed the money and had used it but that she would pay me sometime. I asked why she had told my niece that she had seen me and had arranged for the flowers she helped herself to the previous week. She began to argue. I cut her short by ~~saying~~ saying that she had lied, that I could not trust her or any of her family on the place, and to leave and never come back.

The valley was very beautiful with fresh green wheat fields and bright sunlight and shadow. The Japanese cherry on the east border began to bloom; also the bleeding hearts.

Wednesday, 19 April; showers and cold. Up early and took a load of narcissi to Gaithersburg for Washington. I enjoyed the

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4732

ride, although it was chilly, because of the greenness and freshness of the wheat fields. Stopped at Winworth to see mother, who was not feeling well. Back at 11 a.m. and built a fire and was comfortable the rest of the day. Did some writing, a continuation of the fairy story, which appeared in the *Frederick Post* of April 27.

~~(Editor--Sunny Hill Fairies II, brown folder. omit~~

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4733

Thursday, 20 April; raining all night and most of the day. Again had to carry water out of the cellar. Read the mail and wrote some letters. Went up into the attic of Sunny Hill House and discovered that the rain, when from the northeast, drives through the thin boards and around the window and comes through the attic floor and down inside the east wall, spoiling the wallpaper. Decided to roof over the east gable end to prevent this in future.

(Emma, 20 April, brown folder)

(Ornstrup, same--1st and 2d pages separated by five sheets.

20 April 1933.

"Mr. Victor Ornstrup,
C/o O.K.Cooperative Milk Assn.,
Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

"Dear Sir:

"I am exceedingly busy, get no salary, and have no stenographer, but will try to answer your last letter of the 16th.

"I have read the testimonials you submit and judge that you are equipped to take care of yourself in a strange country and as a dairy technician. Aside from the language of South American countries, which you could probably pick up in a few months, you should bear in mind several other things, namely, that the peoples of those countries are of Latin derivation in traditions, customs, manners, food habits and psychology, and they cherish a latent hostility to all people from the so-called Nordic races; that they were among the first to suffer from the world business depression because their purchasing power depends so largely upon exports; also that all those countries have for years been sending their bright young men abroad to be technically trained and that there are innumerable native well trained dairy specialists looking for jobs at salaries only a fraction of what you are now getting.

"On the other hand, I observed that practically all the large dairy establishments in Argentina employed foreign managers, German, Dutch, American, Australian or New Zealanders. It's the old story of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country. In all South American countries the demand is for dual purpose cows that can be turned into beef when their milking period is over. Shorthorns are used for this purpose in Argentina and native Spanish longhorns in other countries, with a few imported Frisians here and there. There might be an opportunity for some one with capital to run a real dairy with dairy breeds.

"If you are dreaming about South America I can only suggest that

you go there and see it with your own eyes; talk with the American, British, or Danish consuls, who will at once put you in touch with men who know all about conditions and the prevailing situation and opportunities; and you will learn more in talking with one of these men in thirty minutes than you will in thirty months of reading and correspondence.

"Another thing: Dairy production on a commercial scale is limited to Argentina and southern Chile and is wholly for export trade. The Latin peoples prefer olive oil and wine to milk and butter, so that the only outlet for home consumption is the small European community and tourists in the largest cities. In 1923 the Argentine Minister of Agriculture, who had lived many years in the U.S., put on an intensive campaign to increase domestic consumption of milk and butter and flooded the country with propaganda through literature and extension specialists, and was promptly ridiculed by the Argentine press.

"The only dairy product consumed to any extent by Latin peoples, whether Mediterranean or South American countries, is cheese, which is ground to a powder and used liberally in soups and with the many different kinds of macaroni or spaghetti. In fact, public sentiment is wholly against dairying and dairy products--except goats.

"Two other observations may suggest something to you: At a large coffee plantation some miles from Rio Preto in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, I was shown a magnificent concrete stable, a city block long, in which were about 500 pure bred dairy cows. In answer to my questions the Portuguese manager said the cows were not milked--although the estate employed about 3,500 people--but were kept solely for the manure, ^{and} that purebreds were used for that purpose rather than native stock because it looked well on the printed literature that was sent to their European stockholders. Of course, here was a splendid oppor-

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"Another thing: Dairy production on a commercial scale is limited to Argentina and southern Chile and is wholly for export trade. The Latin peoples prefer olive oil and wine to milk and butter, so that the only outlet for these commodities is the small European community and tourists in the largest cities. In 1935 the Argentine Minister of Agriculture, who had lived many years in the U.S., put on an extensive campaign to increase domestic consumption of milk and butter and flooded the country with propaganda through literature and extension specialists, and was promptly ridiculed by the Argentine press.

"The only dairy product consumed to any extent by Latin peoples, whether Mediterranean or South American countries, is cheese, which is ground to a powder and used liberally in soups and with the many different kinds of meat or vegetables. In fact, public sentiment is wholly against dairying and dairy products--except cheese.

"Two other observations may suggest something to you: At a large coffee plantation some miles from Rio de Janeiro in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, I was shown a magnificent concrete stable, a city block long, in which were about 500 pure bred dairy cows. In answer to my questions the Portuguese manager said the cows were not milked--although the estate employed about 1,500 people--but were kept solely for the manure, that purebreds were used for that purpose rather than native stock because it looked well on the printed literature that was sent to their European stockholders. Of course, there was a splendid opportunity

tunity for a trained dairyman to supply dairy products to Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro.

"But it must be remembered that only in Argentina and southern Chile can suitable forage crops be produced economically. In all other regions the livestock is half starved for lack of feed.

"Another instance: At Managua, capital of Nicaragua, the young Minister of Agriculture, educated in the U.S., was running a small dairy and selling the products in Managua. He had imported some Fresian bulls and crossed them with native Spanish longhorns with good results. However, his market depended entirely upon the encampment of American marines.

"Maybe the foregoing will answer some of the questions in your mind.

"I might suggest also that you write to the various South American legations at Washington, D.C., and the Trade Commissioner of the Pan American Union, Washington, D.C., and ask for dairy information and opportunities in those countries. They will be interested and are paid for supplying information; I am not, except to extend a helping hand to any young man who is trying to get on.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"P.S.--Oklahoma, which I know well, is richer and more prosperous than any country south of Mexico and could buy out any one of those countries lock, stock, and barrel. Mexico is richer only because of minerals.

"The standard of living in Denmark is about 1000 years ahead of that of any Latin country.

"E."

(1933, April, S.H.)

E --4734

Friday, 21 April; cool morning, but pleasant. Emory came early and set up a post for the wistaria vine near the garden, and spent the rest of the day on the woodpile and picking up some of the larger stones on observatory hill. I set out some clematis vines and hibiscus that sister brought up for me from Winworth. Wife and I went to town in the afternoon to see a picture show. It was disappointing. We were back at 4 p.m. Four helpers were tying narcissi. I took a hoe and near the mailbox cut a small channel for the escape of water so the road would dry off quickly. The Japanese cherries along the drive were in bloom. Dandelions beginning to bloom. The regal lilies were coming up, much later than the other varieties.

Saturday, 22 April; pleasant, but a cold wind made fires necessary. Milton Blank came last night for the narcissi that his wife, Elizabeth, had picked. Lewis Blank came this morning for those he had picked and took them to town to sell on the streets. I picked some for the vases. The field is full of blossoms and the stems are long. Wife and I went to town for supplies, and I included a case of beer. This beer, 3.2 per cent, is weak and disappointing, and yet it is beer. I had a glass of beer, a smoke, a short rest and then set ~~out~~ out some black-eyed Susans and other plants. Had a number of visitors, including Mr. Leonard, who greatly admired the Whippoorwill as a place to rest, read, and study.

Sunday, 23 April; a lovely day, but cool. Sister Nellie and helpers picking and tying narcissi until noon. Early in the afternoon Dr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and a two-year old granddaughter came out. We had a nice visit, except that the little granddaughter was a holy terror, a little wild animal that had never been taught to mind or leave things alone. She kept two or more grownups busy heading her off or snatching her away from things. I took in

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4735

about three dollars from visitors who ^acame up for flowers. Otis and Ethel came out last night. In the afternoon they drove into Frederick. On the way back they ditched their car to avoid a car coming down the steep grade toward the mailbox. I got out the truck and a heavy rope and succeeded in pulling the car back into the road. The view from the Whippoorwill balcony was very beautiful. Wife had a nice supper and the Joneses enjoyed it greatly. It was a pleasant day, but partly spoiled by the young female hyena.

Monday, 24 April, S.H.; a clear warm day. Sister and helpers picking narcissi for the last shipment. Shortly after noon I paid ~~them~~ them off. The individual sales at the farm will just about pay for expressage, gasoline and oil, labor and miscellaneous expenses, so that receipts from the shipments should be clear. I took eight large boxes of narcissi to Gaithersburg for Washington. I picked up a young man near Gaithersburg who was beating his way to Hancock, Maryland, where he said his home was. Set Emory to digging a trench behind the kitchen for a concrete wall to stop the flow of a spring into the cellar. In the afternoon I drove to town with the truck for the materials. Rev. Foos and others were out to see the flowers. Although we had picked narcissi for the last shipment, because most of the blossoms were passing, nevertheless the field made a fine display of golden color. I was very tired in the evening. Had a letter from Mr. Lubin about his candidacy for the position of delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture.

Tuesday, 25 April; showers in the forenoon; clear and pleasant afternoon. Before we were up Sister Nellie and Eunice picked two more boxes of narcissi for shipment and some for the hotel. I took the flowers to the express office for shipment to New York. On returning I did a number of small jobs, and between them read the mail and wrote some letters. The cherry trees were blooming nicely.

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4736

Wednesday, 26 April; a beautiful clear cold day. Hoed one of the gardens, mowed one of the lawns, and hauled in three loads of wood in the pickup to the Whippoorwill. A mudhole with a spring under it near the mailbox was getting worse. Writing up notes for 1931.

Thursday, 27 April; clear and pleasant but cool. Emory did not come so I spent most of the forenoon filling in dirt behind the concrete wall he had made back of the kitchen and was very tired afterwards. After resting awhile I took up and transplanted some correopsis and gaillardia plants. Took a short nap and then did some writing. Mr. Leonard and daughter were out and with them were two professors. They got some flowers and then I showed them over the Whippoorwill and the view from the upper balcony. Two of the Masser girls were over to visit wife. The fairy story No. 2 appeared in the Frederick Post today.

Friday, 28 April; a beautiful clear warm day. Had Emory hoeing in the gardens. Later his wife came up to clean house. I drove to town for groceries. Stopped on the way back to see mother. Walker Chapman and wife came to spend the afternoon. It was inconvenient for us because we had no notice of their coming. I took Walker down to the narcissus field and he picked some to take back with him and I picked some for the vases. Shortly after they left two women and some children came up to get flowers for their church. Then at supper another family came. As it was just before two programs we wished to hear over the radio, I called out to them to make themselves at home until we had finished supper. They left just as the programs were concluding. Had a telephone call from a reporter on the News-Post asking my opinion on crop prospects in Frederick County this year. There were several other telephone calls. I was very tired, partly because of the labor of filling the trench yesterday, partly because I had not a minute to myself today, and partly because of a cold.

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4737

Saturday, 29 April; another beautiful day. Had a bad cold, a headache, and was in bad humor. Thinking out loud at the breakfast table I said something about the seventy blank hills in the raspberry rows in the garden, that I hated to see vacant places in rows, that if I filled those spaces I would have to buy some plants and felt that I could not afford it, and we did not need them anyway because the plants we had would more than supply us, and that if I did buy and set out more plants we might have some to sell, but I was pretty sure that we would not sell them and that what would happen was that Otis and Ethel, Thelma and Mr. Price, would pick the surplus for their own use and to give away to their friends in Washington, and I believed I would not buy any more plants. I was simply reasoning out loud with no thought of its effect on wife. She spoke up sharply and wanted to know why I always dragged in the children; they had been perfectly good children, they were our children, and they were entitled to all we could give them. I begged her pardon and said they had been anything but good and had forfeited all right to consideration by their conduct and contempt for us. She said it would be a pity if we could not give them something after I had paid Sister Nellie to spy on them. I suggested that my sister was not under discussion, that I had paid her to manage the farm, that both she and the children had interfered with her in various ways, and I wanted her to understand that both she and I were under obligations to sister in ways of which she was entirely ignorant. Then she accused mother and sister of hatching out a scheme to come to Sunny Hill and keep house for me long before she, my wife, had announced her intention of not coming with me. I said any such statement was a plain lie, no matter who said it, and I got up for my hat to leave. As I passed through the room I saw that she was still sitting in the same place with a grim look on her face. Stepping up to her

(1933, April, S.H.)

E--4738

I said gently but firmly "My/ dear, this is all utterly foolish; let us banish it from our minds; why cannot we agree that each is entitled to his or her own opinion whatever it is, right or wrong, true or untrue, and keep silent about it in the presence of the other. I will not listen to such false charges as you have made, so why say anything about it?" Again she started to talk about the children and their friends, and the designs of my women folk. Without replying I put on my hat and walked out. Later I drove to town for supplies and spent the rest of the day in the Whippoorwill lying down, feeling very badly. I attributed all this to ~~my~~ having exerted myself beyond my store of energy two days before in filling the trench. After forty-eight hours I still felt too tired to do anything.

Had another letter from Mr. Lubin about his candidacy.

(Lubin, 29 April, brown folder)

29 April 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have read with interest your letters of April 5-25-26.

"It will do no harm to repeat what I think I wrote once before: The appointment of the Permanent Delegate is actually made by the Secretary of State, because the appropriation from which the salary is paid comes within his jurisdiction. The early appointments were made ~~upon~~ by the Secretary of State upon recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture. Because the Department of Agriculture was slow in recommending a successor to your father the Department of State went ahead ^{and} appointed the Commercial Attache at Rome, upon recommendation of the Secretary of Commerce. The officials of the Department of Agriculture protested so vigorously that this appointment was withdrawn and the State officials agreed that thereafter the appointment should be made only upon recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture. Then followed in succession the appointments of Professors Hunt and Stevenson and Mr. Hobson. Because the Bureau of Agricultural Economics is the one administrative unit in the Department that deals with the Institute in all routine matters the Secretary of Agriculture always has accepted the recommendations of the chief of that bureau. So that is the chain of routine procedure: Recommendation by the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, approval by the Secretary of Agriculture, and appointment by the Secretary of State. That makes Mr. Olsen the key man.

"I do not know whether he has met you or what his ideas concerning you are^M but he has great confidence in Mr. Hobson. After Mr. Hobson had met you in California in the spring of 1930 and before I had met you, I asked him about you. His report was adverse. No doubt he made the same report to Mr. Olsen. So far as I was concerned the impression made by that report was completely wiped out after an interview

with Mr. Reid of the Pan American and after I met you personally. I have not met Mr. Tugwell, but presume he would be greatly influenced by Messrs. Hobson and Olsen.

"Another consideration: Secretary Wallace, Assistant Secretary Tugwell, and Mr. Olsen pride themselves on being economists. Economists are noted for their self-complacent obsession that they are superior to all others, and I would expect the group in the Department of Agriculture to oppose the appointment of any one not a professional economist. They are blind to the fact that other qualifications than a knowledge of the principles of economics are necessary in a Permanent Delegate at Rome--such as a knowledge of the different agricultural industries and methods of marketing in the different regions of the U.S. and other countries, demonstrated business capacity and ability, knowledge of men and their psychology, ability to cooperate with others and to win their good will and cooperation, diplomacy, and the ability to play the game and get results. An economist may or may not possess these other qualifications--the chances are not, because of his utter lack of business experience and contact with the practical world, and because of a closed mind resulting from his self-complacent feeling of superiority very similar to that of a young man just out of college. I would therefore expect the group of economists in the Department of Agriculture to insist upon the appointment of a professional economist and to oppose the appointment of anybody else, no matter what his experience, qualifications, or obvious fitness might be.

"The only possible way to overcome the instinctive and predetermined opposition of the group I have mentioned is by bringing sufficient Congressional influence to bear upon the Secretary of Agriculture or, as a last resort, the President. You say that Senator McAdoo is backing your candidacy. Well and good, but that is not sufficient.

You should have at least half a dozen Senators and Members of Congress personally visit the Secretary of Agriculture on your behalf, and write or call up by telephone in rotation, and impress upon him that something more is needed than a mere economist--a business man, a diplomat, and a man who knows something about what American farmers and business men want in the way of service from the International Institute of Agriculture--that the Institute was not founded primarily to obtain data for economists to play with, but for practical service to farmers and business men of America and other countries--and that the way to accomplish this is to strengthen the Institute, not to weaken it as the last economist delegate did. With a little constant pressure such as I have indicated the Secretary of Agriculture would begin to see the light and be disposed to disregard the wishes of his advisers, and a word from him and they would acquiesce. That accomplished the appointment would go through automatically. If there was a hitch with the Secretary of Agriculture the alternative would be to influence the President to take a sufficient interest to intervene and indicate to the Secretary of Agriculture that he wished a particular individual appointed. I mention all this because I have seen similar situations in the Department resolved in the manner I have indicated.

"I have been so much occupied with spring work about the place that I have not been down to Washington this month. However, I had a visitor from the Department last week who said that the officials are much worried over the complicated Agricultural Bill and its requirements; and that Mr. Tugwell appears to be more active than former Assistant Secretaries.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, April, S.H.)

3--4739

Sunday, 30 April; partly cloudy but beautiful day. The doubled flowered Japanese C cherry broke a few blossoms today. Spirea and Japanese quince also blooming, as well as violets and bleeding hearts, and apple buds showing color. The narcissi and forsythia passing. Ornithogalum and dandylions also blooming.

Otis and Ethel came during the night and Thelma and Mr. Price in the afternoon. Elizabeth and one of her boys ~~was~~ were up in the forenoon to pick some narcissus for Mr. Cunningham. Had about a dozen visitors out to look at the flowers, each taking a certain amount of my time, and total sales amounted to fifteen cents. I spent a little time abstracting from Phrase and Fable the paragraphs about fairies.

Monday, 1 May; a lovely day. Emory spent most of the day making a stone walk across the garden for wife. This spoiled the garden for garden purposes but she had set her heart on it. I drove to town with the laundry and brought back supplies. After a short rest I raked some bare ground back of the house and sowed some fertilizer and grass seed. Wiggles ran away again to his old home at Lower Sunny Hill. The Japanese cherry and the apple trees broke into full bloom today, and the forest trees and grapevines began to show tiny leaves. After all the rain we had a few weeks ago the ground ^{was} ~~is~~ too hard to work and more rain ^{was} ~~is~~ needed.

Sent to the Editor of the Frederick Post another story about Sunny Hill Fairies, III, brown folder.

1935, April 2, E.M.

Sunday, 30 April: fairly cloudy but beautiful day. The
 double-flowered Japanese cherry broke a few blossoms today.
 Spiraea and Japanese quince also blooming, as well as violets and
 bleeding hearts, and apple buds showing color. The narcissus and
 forsythia ceasing. Ornithogalum and dandelions also blooming.
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 drove to town with the laundry and brought back supplies. After
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 some fertilizer and grass seed. Walter ran away again to his old
 home at Lower Sunny Hill. The Japanese cherry and the apple trees
 broke into full bloom today, and the forest trees and grapevines
 began to show many leaves. After all the rain we had a few weeks
 ago the ground is too hard to work and more rain is needed.

Walter's home at Sunny Hill, British Columbia, 1935.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4740

Tuesday, 2 May; a pleasant day, partly cloudy but the breeze gentle and balmy. Had trouble in sleeping because of a persistent tickling in my throat. Unable to sleep I got up, dressed, and went over to the Whippoorwill. There I had a bottle of beer, smoked, and laid down on a couch and slept until 9 a.m. One of the tenant girls brought Wiggles back just as we were setting down to breakfast. I carried a hoe with me when I went for the mail and then cleaned out the spring again and dug little ditches across a walk to carry off surface water that came from the public road. Did some writing and then cleaned out the packing room, and later cleaned out some trash in the cellar. Did some other odd jobs, mostly pruning.

Since last night most of the trees in the woods had greened up, the tame cherries put forth their leaves, the lombardy poplar was in full leaf, the oaks and grapevines putting forth first leaves, apple trees were in full bloom, lilacs and dogwoods beginning to bloom, as well as many other things.

Threatening rain and could not use radio because of static.

Wednesday, 3 May; a beautiful day following rain at night. Last Night's rain started the stream in the cellar. I was much disappointed because the concrete wall I had constructed was useless. Wife walked with me to the mailbox. I did some transplanting and hoeing during the day. Only about half the regal lilies survived the winter and many of these appear to be diseased, which is disappointing. In the afternoon I made a small wooden gate and hung it at the end of the stone walk in the garden. Lewis was preparing the corn ground. I paid him for last month. Sister was up for flowers for the hotel and I paid her \$30.30, as one-half net proceeds of flower shipments to date. The double-flowered Japanese cherry still in full bloom. The squills, white and blue, looking like small hyacinths are very pretty. First white iris opened today. Very tired.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4741

Thursday, 4 May; a beautiful day. The peonies coming fast. Lilacs ^{about} ~~beut~~ one-half open. Early white iris beginning. I put in the day transplanting. Lewis plowed the red peonies. The dogs were gone all day. After supper I drove down to Winworth to visit mother. In writing up my diary notes I find the section of loosleaf notes for May, 1931, is missing.

Friday, 5 May; raining and cold in afternoon. Lewis plowing in the vegetable garden and narcissus field. I took ~~one~~ of the mules and plowed both ways in the narcissus patch. In the afternoon took wife to town for groceries and laundry. Put a latch on the barn door to keep the dogs from opening it from the inside. This rain was not needed. Built fires in both houses to keep warm. Wiggles brought in the decayed remains of a dead dog which I had to carry ~~away~~ away and bury, it smelled so bad. One of the cats caught a little rabbit which my wife rescued.

Saturday, 6 May; rain last night; today cloudy and gloomy and cold. Ate candy and peanuts and smoked and read in bed last night until after midnight. Had fires in both houses. Walked through the rain for the mail and reading it until noon. Went to town to have the picket^{up} serviced and did a number of errands. Rest of the afternoon reading and writing. Lilacs coming along nicely. Very comfortable in the Whippoorwill with a good fire and plenty of electric light. Over the radio heard talks by representatives of other countries who came to confer with the President regarding a proposed economic conference in London.

Sunday, 7 May; cloudy, gloomy, cold. At no time was Sugar Loaf ~~ve~~ visible and most of the time the valley was obscured. Gathered some flowers for the vases, pulled some weeds, built fires, and mowed some lawn. Took a walk with wife over Observatory Hill and through the ~~weeds~~ woods to lower end of the narcissus field. The yellow flowered mustard

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4742

was very pretty but will have to be pulled before it goes to seed. Peonies making good growth. Apple trees still in profu^{se} bloom. Saw a humming bird and many bees in the apple trees. The squills making a fine display. The tree peony had two buds open today, a deep satiny red. I thought of going down to see mother, but supper interfered.

Monday, 8 May; raining nearly all day. Had to carry water out of cellar and build fires. Sister and one helper were up in the morning and cut sixty bunches of white lilacs. Then they separated the dahlia roots. Between showers I got the mail, washed out some wine jars, and pulled some mustard. The east wind drove the rain horizontally against the gable end of the attic and the wallpaper was wet again. Finished reading the "Bulphington of Blub" by Wells, which I thought was a very disagreeable story but well written.

Tuesday, 9 May; cloudy, fog, showers, and cold. Sister Nellie was up to pick forty bunches of white lilacs and away before we got up. Wife and I took the lilacs to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington and then drove on to Washington. She visited an old friend and I went to the Cosmos Club to read the papers and look over the magazines.

At the Farm Hands Club luncheon there was a full attendance, including Marquis, Dr. H. C. Taylor, Mendum, Kyle, Peck of Minnesota, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dunlap, Ben Marsh, and many others, most of whom I had met before. Dr. Taylor looked very thin, white, and worn. One of the speakers said that in a town named "Mott" in North Dakota the local chamber of commerce put up a big sign that could be seen from the railway, reading "Mott the Spot." Later some was added the words "That God Forgot." I shook hands with my acquaintances and left shortly after 2 o'clock. We stopped in Frederick for supplies. The dogs and cats were glad to welcome us back

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4743

Sunny Hill, Wednesday, 10 May; showers during the night, valley hidden by haze. Overslept and it was noon when we finished breakfast. Pulled mustard to prevent its going to seed. Found a new kind of lowgrowing clover in a narrow strip of meadow. Saw the first blossom of cranesbill. Apple blossom petals falling. Many of the flowering shrubs and plants beginning to bud. The tree peony had two gorgeous satiny red blossoms with golden centers. Sister came up to cut lilacs but they were too wet.

Thursday, 11 May; showers and fog. Sister and one helper were up before breakfast and cut more than a hundred bunches of the white lilacs and put them in tubs for shipment tomorrow. Lewis started to plow in the narcissus field but had to quit because of the rain. After reading the mail I spent the afternoon on a fairy story.

Friday, 12 May; fog and showers. Sister Nellie and Lewis up before breakfast and tied and packed 111 bunches of white lilacs which later I took to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington. At Frederick I stopped for a supply of gasolene and to have the sprkplugs examined. In the afternoon took wife to town for supplies. Drove wife down South Market Street in search of an old table with a marble top that she wanted for candy making. I parked the car at the opera house and read while wife was shopping. I had purchased two cartons of little cigars. Becoming impatient at the delay I walked across the street to investigate. Was gone about two minutes. In that short time a thief opened the cartons and removed three packages of cigars. Why he did not take them all I could not understand unless it was that he could conceal a few packages in his pockets but not the cartons. Not feeling well all day, perhaps because of unaccustomed early rising, wet weather, and most of the day spent in the car. Bought a box of candy for wife because she had reproached me recently for never bringing her anything.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4744

Saturday

~~Tuesday~~, 13 May; showers forenoon, fair afternoon and warm.

Sent to the Frederick Post another story about
(~~Insert before this page: "Sunny Hill Fairies IV," brown folder.~~)

Lewis hauled in last of the woodpile and some flat stones to finish the garden walk. I brought up the mail and spent an hour or more finishing pulling up wild mustard in the narcissus field. Also spent about an hour disbudding peonies. A Mr. Phoebus who lived in Shookstown and had a big strong team came up to look over the ground I wanted to have plowed. He agreed to come up Monday following with his team and ^work for four dollars a day. After he left I did some transplanting and mowing. I got very hot and my clothing was drenched with perspiration. Wife had fried shad for supper.

A curious thing happened. I put one of the dogs that I led by a chain in the barn. I unsnapped the chain and slipped it in my coat pocket. Then I ~~a~~ walked across to the edge of the peony patch for the other dog who followed me without using the chain. At the ~~bar~~ barn I discovered that the chain was gone from my pocket. The distance traversed was less than one hundred yards, and yet I could not find the chain. It was as if my pocket had been picked.

Sunday, 14 May; sunshine and showers. Filled the vases with flowers and transplanted some seedling cosmos plants. Drove down to Winworth and visited mother, sister, Eunice, and Charlie. I got there just in time to unⁿtangle old Pete, the mule, who was tied out on the edge of a field and had caught his tether under his foot and was struggling. When I returned I disbudded a lot of peonies. It is fascinating work. In places the ants are bad and so numerous on the peony buds and stems that they will jump on one and ~~er~~ run about and bite. As we were finishing supper Otis and Ethel drove up.

The border near the graveyard with the big cherry tree and honeysuckle on the fence for a background made a fine display. There

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4745

were clumps of spirea, lilac, yellow currant, azalia nudicaule, kerria, and a bank of rosa Hugonis with garlands of yellow blossoms. Several varieties of iris near the border were beginning to bloom. The lawns were greening up. The valley was beautiful. The wheat fields were a brilliant green. Most of the for^est trees had leaved out.

Monday, 15 May; cloudy and threatening showers. Lewis plowing middles in the narcissus field. Phoebus plowing under rye in the field near driveway. He was doing a good job but was very slow. He said his big team was "wild" and "tender" because of a long rest, so that as I watched him I observed that he spent more time resting at the corners than in actual plowing. I transplanted Japanese iris and disbudded peonies. They were making good growth but the buds were small and tight. If we can have some warm weather and sunshine the peonies should open by Decoration Day; otherwise it will be the first week in June and too late to profit by the extraordinary demand for them on the 30th. One of the Sheets girls brought up the rent and visited with wife. She was sixteen years old and wanted to go to school but ha^d to stay at home to look after her baby sister. Katherine Masser also spent an hour or more visiting with wife. Emory finished the stone walk across the garden for wife. Two ladies came out from Frederick for flowers and I sold them some iris. Two men came out, one a real estate agent who wanted to sell lower Sunny Hill for me at ten ~~pr~~ per cent commission. He thought he had a client who would take it. It has been a beautiful day.

(Lubin, 15 May, brown folder)

15 May 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I was much interested in your letter of May 11, especially the rumor that the World Economic Conference may either change the Institute or dissolve it.

x x x x

"Regarding the suggestion that the International Institute of Agriculture should be located at some city other than Rome: Except for France, which would like to have it at Paris, I doubt if the thought has occurred to any citizen of any Mediterranean country, or of any country south of the U.S. All Mediterranean countries (except France), Mexico, Central and South America, think it perfectly natural and logical that the Institute should be at Rome. The only people who think that it might be advantageous to have the Institute out of Rome are a few Americans and Canadians, many Frenchmen, and probably some Germans and Austrians. Other countries are indifferent. Some agricultural men in the U.S. and Canada would prefer to have the Institute in the U.S. as a matter of convenience and because both nations are great agricultural countries with problems somewhat different from those of Europe. France would like to have the Institute at Paris as a matter of prestige and to gratify her desire and ambition to monopolize things. Germany and Austria would like to have the Institute and would object strenuously to France's having it. If it were a question of establishing the Institute de novo Europe would probably agree most readily upon Geneva, partly because Switzerland has so long been regarded as neutral territory, but mainly because it is now the seat of the League of Nations where most of them are already represented.

"Most people who ask why the Institute was established at Rome do so because they do not think of Italy as an important agricultural country and because they are not informed of the public spirit and

generosity of the King of Italy that made possible the founding of the Institute and provided it with a suitable home; nor do they stop to consider that for more than two thousand years Rome, the Eternal City, has been the meeting place for conventions and peoples of all nations, and is therefore a highly appropriate site for the International Institute of Agriculture.

"If the question of relocating the Institute ever comes up for serious consideration I suspect that Geneva will be the place recommended, because of the argument in favor of making the Institute a part of the League organization and that the climate of Geneva is more conducive to mental and physical exertion and therefore more favorable to official efficiency than that of Rome. This argument will have weight with many people who do not realize that through the persistent efforts of the officials of the Institute there is and has been close and most effective cooperation between the League and the Institute which answers every practical purpose that could be served by having the two institutions situated in the same city; and because they either do not know or overlook the fact that the climate of Geneva is for long periods in winter moist, cloudy, drizzling, snowing, and very depressing, which fully offsets the heat of Rome during some of the summer months. As a matter of fact, Rome is not as hot as Washington, D.C., and many other cities in the U.S. I have heard Mr. Hobson and others argue that so long as the Institute remains in Rome it will be staffed with Italians who are naturally indolent and inefficient, and that if it were in Switzerland it would be manned by people of the mythical Nordic race who are noted for their energetic efficiency. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, my own being that the Italian people are quite as energetic and industrious as any other people of the same class and status.

"If you have not already seen the last report of the American Committee on the International Institute of Agriculture of May 4 you will be interested in knowing that House Joint Resolution 149 is pending and provides \$48,500 for the Institute, with a salary of not more than \$7,500 for the permanent delegate (the salary I recommended before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1920). Also that the report accompanying the resolution contains the following re the permanent delegate:

" x x x 'Nevertheless, if the possibilities of the position are to be fully exploited, the American Delegate must have outstanding professional and personal qualifications. On the professional side the American representative should have a background of broad and thorough training in the field of economics, particularly in its agricultural phases, and a special training in the field of agricultural statistics. His capacity for leadership in these fields must have been fully demonstrated. Experience in international conferences dealing with agricultural problems and a wide acquaintance among leaders of agricultural thought in foreign countries would be highly desirable. It is of particular importance that the American delegate have a broad knowledge of world conditions affecting American agriculture. But above all, he must possess a thorough understanding of American agriculture and a sympathetic appreciation of its problems. He should have a speaking knowledge of French, which is the language in which the work of the Institute is carried on. Such a background must be supported by sound and mature judgment and force of character such as should enable him to inspire confidence and support among his associates and to deal on equal terms with the high officials of foreign governments.'

"I am sure you will agree with me that the man who can meet these specifications fully deserves the appointment and is well worth all the salary that goes with it.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4746

Tuesday, 16 May; cloudy, fog, and rain. Went to town with laundry and brought out groceries. Stopped at Winworth to see mother. Spent the rest of the day in the Whippoorwill with a nice fire. Finished notes for 1931. Received a check for \$159.50 for flower shipments from Washington.

Wednesday, 17 May; a beautiful day. Timed Phoebus with his plowing in the morning. On short rows he spent two minutes crossing the field and rested three minutes at ^{each} ~~the~~ corners. He finished the rye and went to Observatory Hill. I did some transplanting and mowing. Several varieties of iris in bloom. Spirea, Hugonis rose, and hawthorn in blossom.

Thursday, 18 May; a lovely day. Lewis plowing the gardens. Phoebus plowed a few rounds on Observatory Hill and quit. Then he took the team and a drag to smooth off the rye ground, loafing half the time. I would have fired him were it not that there is but little ^{left} to do and while he ^{was} ~~is~~ at it he might as well finish. I let him go at noon. His trouble was that he was a bricklayer belonging to a union and it was against his principles as a free working man to work steadily and honestly. He did the finest job of loafing I had seen outside of labor union men in Australia. I hoed most of the afternoon, overdid it and was so completely exhausted that I could not eat supper. Sister Nellie telephoned that she had been disbudding the peonies at the lower place.

Friday, 19 May; a lovely day. Lewis plowing peonies a half day and then planting corn. Sister budding peonies at Winworth. I plowed the garden with Mollie Mula in the forenoon and took wife to town in the afternoon. Stopped at Winworth to leave a check for \$79 with sister for her share in the flower money. The country looks fresh and green. Many farmers planting corn. I was very tired from overexertion the previous day.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4747

Saturday, 20 May; clear and hot. Sister telephoned that Lewis was plowing peonies at the lower place. I raked the ground on each side of the new stone walk in the garden to get the soil ready for a border of lawngrass. Picked up the stones and carried them in a wheelbarrow some distance. There was a surprisingly large quantity of them and they were extraordinarily heavy. I got very tired and hot. Rested awhile, drank a bottle of beer, read the paper, and ~~then~~ planted some garden vegetable seed. Then disbudded some peonies and cut some iris for the vases. Laid down for a rest. A thunder storm came up. The electric clock stopped and made wife late with supper. Mrs. ^CKline helping clean house. I greatly enjoyed working outdoors, but my store of energy ^{was small} ~~is~~ weak ~~and~~ uncertain and ~~is~~ soon exhausted and then I ^{was} ~~am~~ both excessively tired and chagrined. The peonies were making good growth but the buds were tight and without warm weather next week they could not open by the 30th.

Sunday, 21 May; a beautiful day. Thelma and Mr. Price, the baby, and Otis and Ethel came out during the night and put up at the Cricket House. They helped a while at disbudding the peonies. We had a nice supper. The young people left in the evening. Had about a dozen visitors out from Frederick to see the flowers. It was a lovely day and the valley was especially beautiful in the late afternoon. Beauty bush and mountain ash blossoms make ~~a beautiful combination~~ an exquisite combination. The young folks took a lot of flowers back with them. I was very tired.

Monday, 22 May; a fine day. Lewis plowing all day. Sister telephoned that she was picking a few peony blossoms at Winworth and the lower place. I drove down with the pickup before breakfast and brought back enough for sixty bunches. The lower orchard piece was in bad condition, weedy, and the ground very hard. I found two peony blossoms in the Crick^{er} House patch. Sister and I planted dahlias,

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4748

gladioli, zinnias, and celosia. After noon I planted some more vegetable seed in the garden. Was very tired when I finished. This feeling of complete exhaustion and desperation after a little work, most of it light, is very discouraging and spoils all the joy of being outdoors. Nothing I can do seems worth the sacrifice of strength and wellbeing that seems to be the penalty for trying to engage in necessary manual labor.

I was provoked this morning when wife at the breakfast table announced that we must go to town for coffee, tea, and to exchange a cheap dress she had purchased. She insisted that the trip could not be postponed to another day. Then when I had allowed sufficient time for her to do the housework, without which she would not leave, and came in to see if she was ready, she said she had changed her mind and would go tomorrow. This meant that my plans for field work were disarranged for two days.

Tuesday, 23 May; lovely day, but hot and threatening showers in the afternoon. Wife would not go with me for the things she needed in town so I went alone. On the way back I stopped at the lower place and picked up sister and several armfuls of f peonies she had cut. Eunice was at the upper place tying peonies. Before they left Mrs. Baker and several young ladies were out. Mrs. Haller called up by telephone to ask if I would serve as judge at a flower show to be held in the public library and I consented reluctantly.

Iris, weigelia, and snowballs, at their best. Peonies just beginning.

Wednesday, 24 May; clear and hot. Lewis finished plowing peonies. Billie hoeing peonies at the lower place. Sister and Eunice tying peonies in the packing room. I helped about the packing room and hoed some in one of the gardens. In the afternoon I hitched up Mollie to the cart and hauled out a lot of stone on a piece of ground I

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4749

wished to prepare and sow to lawn grass. It was hard work, vey hot, and I became very tired. I changed my clothes and laid down to rest. Just at supper time four teachers from Hood College came up. I asked them to amuse themselves while we ate supper. Shortly after they left some of the Masser young people came to the house and wife had them on her hands.

Thursday, 25 May; a lovely day, but hot and threatening showers. Sister and Eunice most of the day picking and packing peonies and ^{had} ~~have~~ the packing room filled to capacity. I went to town for more flower shipping equipment. Brought Mr. Kintz out from town as far as shookstown. He wanted to do our whitewashing, but I remembered how slow he was the last time he did it and gave him an evasive answer. Spent the rest of the day in doing odd jobs, carrying water to the packing room, pruning vines, moving young guineas, made a coop, and got out the truck so that it could be loaded quickly the next morning. Put an advertisement in the local paper about the peonies. A number of visitors were out and a few of them bought iris and peonies. Wife worked awhile in the vegetable garden after supper. Very tired in the evening. The number of things to be done that constantly stare me in the face and the physical exhaustion that follows trying to do some of the more pressing things, and the negligible value of the things done, make me wish that some one else had Sunny Hill and that all I had was a suitcase and freedown.

Friday, 26 May; clear and hot. Sister Nellie, Eunice, and two helpers were up early to work with the peonies. A Mr. Babek of Cumberland was out before I had breakfast and we let him have 220 bunches at twenty cents and took his check in payment. He had a large sedan and packed the flowers in tightly, although I cautioned him against it lest they heat and spoil. His companion was an elderly Scotsman who came to this country fifty years ago. He had a bottle of whiskey

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4750

with him and we all had a nip. After they left I drove the truck with six boxes of peonies to Gaithersburg for shipment to Washington. On the way back I stopped at Frederick for some supplies and lawngrass seed. It was very hot.

Changed my clothes and took wife in the sedan to Frederick and while she was shopping I went to the public library to judge the flowers on exhibition, labeling them "First," "Second," and "Worthy of Mention." It took me about fifteen minutes. Then had quite a long wait at the machine for wife to return. We reached home at 3.30 p.m. I sowed the lawn grass seed, thinking it was going to rain. Then read the papers until supper. Wife had a strawberry shortcake, the first of the season. Before we were through Mr. Hankey came out to fix the radios. Several tubes were burned out or weak and had to be replaced. He brought his mother with him and I gave her some flowers. More people came out to see the flowers, but no one bought any. Elizabeth and her husband came up to ask if they could sell peonies for us on Monday.

Saturday, 27 May; hot with showers in the afternoon. Sister Nellie came up to work with the peonies. Lewis took one load to town and sold them to stores for resale. Then he cultivated the narcissus field until interrupted by showers. Mrs. ^Cline cleaning house for us. I waited on visitors, put wire screen over some of the windows, mowed some lawn, and other odd jobs that kept me busy. Visitors came in the afternoon and some of them bought flowers. The peonies were coming fast. The Beauty Bush still in flower. Delphinium beginning to show color. Gaillardias opening fast. A few climbing roses beginning to open their flower buds. Garden vegetables just coming up. Wife planted some ferns under the kitchen window. After dark a man and woman drove up in a truck for peonies for the church, but they took none because there were no red ones. Getting

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4750

some fine music over the radios, especially from the Chicago Fair.

Sunday, 28 May; cloudy and showers. I was up early to gather a few red peonies for a customer. Curious how people ask for red peonies, just as they do for red apples or red roses, when the pinks and whites are often prettier. Unfortunately the red varieties of peonies are later than whites and pinks, except the old fashioned "Piny," which have become scarce. Sister Nellie came up and looked after sales until 4 p.m. Had many visitors that kept us busy showing them about and sales for the day amounted to only about \$9.00. This barely paid sister and I for our time and trouble. However, part of our compensation came from meeting and making friends and acquaintances.

Among the visitors was the couple from Hyattsville to whom I gave the purple lilacs in lieu of white ones he wanted last spring. This time I gave him a Fraxinella plant and he brought out a quart bottle of old homemade wine. This proved to be the best I had tasted since my return to the United States. A party of four came out from Washington, one of whom wife had known since childhood. Their visit was cut short by a threatening shower. A large group of local neighbor people came up in the afternoon to look about. In one group was an orchid grower from Los Angeles. The repeated showers spoiled the day, keeping the ground and foliage wet, preventing visitors from coming, and those who did come had to spend much time taking shelter on the verandas.

More and more I wished that I might dispose of flower stocks and get the place sown down to grass. The flowers no longer pay for the work, expense, and inconvenience involved.

One party of young people drove up in the forenoon. They stopped first at the barn. I motioned to them to come on to the Whippoorwill.

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4752

The distance was about two hundred yards and the drive was simply a track in soft ground covered with lawn grass. Instead of coming at an ordinary pace the young man at the wheel speeded up as fast as he could and swung around the garden and part way down before he could stop, cutting the ground and lawn. I was provoked and spoke to him rather sharply and sarcastically, asking him if he thought he was on a public road or a racetrack and whether he had ever seen a lawn before. Then I turned my back on the party before I ruffled their feathers further. Sister Nellie waited on them and said they were very indignant at my tone of voice and manner. I suppose it was mere thoughtlessness and heedlessness of youth on their part, but it is just those characteristics that always arouse my ire because to me it is inexcusable. In the afternoon Mr. Baker, the banker, and a Mr. Legge, rode up on horseback and looked about but declined my invitation to dismount.

Monday, 29 May; partly cloudy and showers. Lewis and Elizabeth both selling flowers on shares in Frederick. Sister Nellie and Charlie took flowers to town to fill special orders. I mowed the grass under the grape arbor and picked several armfuls of red peony buds and carted away rubbish from the packing house. In the afternoon I drove to Frederick for a bag of grass seed at the freight office and other things. Many visitors. Total sales at the farm \$19.25, with Lewis and Elizabeth yet to be heard from. Habeb from Cumberland, the man who packed the peonies so tightly in his car over my protest, called up by telephone twice to inform us that out of the 220 bunches he had bought 140 had wilted and could not be sold, that he would not pay for them, and he had stopped payment of his check. "Just an Assyrian skunk," I said to my sister. This disagreeable incident, the small and disappointing sales from the finest crop of peonies we had had for some years, and the

(1933, May, S.H.)

E--4753

inconvenience and annoyance of looking after them and making little piddling sales that did not pay for the time it took to wait on visiting customers who, it seemed, wanted talk more than flowers, thoroughly disgusted me with the business. I wished I could think of some way of selling my flower stocks short of giving them away, but it was a time of universal depression and money shortage. My principal compensation was the thought that a few of our neighbors could earn wages for a few days helping pick and pack the flowers.

Tuesday, 30 May; cloudy, showers, and gloomy. Sister Nellie and Eunice were up early. Sister and Charlie went to town with flowers to deliver on special order. After sister returned I took mother and flowers in the sedan to the cemetery to decorate father's grave. It was raining heavily all the time. We stopped to buy a Washington paper. All business houses in Frederick were closed.

After we returned sister and Eunice left. A telephone call from Washington came while wife was out of the house, although she heard the phone ring. Upon inquiry I ascertained that it was from the manager of the wholesaler to whom I had shipped peonies. I surmised that he wanted to tell me not to ship any more until further notice, and not wanting to get such a message I did not try to reach him. Some visitors came out and total receipts from them and a dealer in town were about \$27.00. I felt rather mean all day because of the wetness, dimness, and general gloom. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Grove and Mr. and Mrs. Delaplaine, came and walked about with me to see the flowers. They were nice people and I wanted wife to meet them, but she could not be found. She had been in bad humor all day.

Wednesday, 31 May; a lovely day. Lewis cultivating the narcissus field and gardens. I transplanted some cosmos and peonias, carried water for the peony tubs, and hoed in the gardens.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4754

Had a letter from the wholesale manager expressing regret that he was not able to do better with the peonies we had shipped and saying we might send him some more. Sister and Eunice and one her helper came up to pick and tie. Also had a letter from Mr. Habeb, "the Assyrian skunk" about the peonies that he had been unable to sell. Wife seems to have been unhappy the last few days and shows it in her ~~an~~ manner and speech. A letter from Thelma said she and Ethel were going to drive to California the first of July and they wanted to come up to Sunny Hill for a few days. They wanted an answer today, probably forgetting there was no mail yesterday.

Thursday, 1 June; cloudy and cool. Lewis plowing. He reported a quarrel with Elizabeth when he went after a one-horse plow that she had borrowed from my sister two years previously and had never returned it. She refused to let Lewis have it but promised to return it in a day or two when she was through with it. Sister Nellie, Eunice, and Lewis, quite angry over it. That is the way many neighborhood quarrels start. .

Sister, Eunice, and one helper, cutting and tying peonies for shipment. I drove with three boxes to Gaithersburg. Stopped in Frederick for groceries. After my return I read the papers and worked in the gardens. A florist from Frederick came out and bought some peonies. While waiting on him two ladies drove out. The younger one said she wanted to see the Sunny Hill fairies. I told her she would have to look for them and she would find them everywhere if she had the right kind of eyes. Saw a lovely sunset. Vases in the houses full of flowers. Mountain laurel beginning to bloom.

Friday, 2 June; clear and beautiful. Lewis plowing with the single plow and mules on Observatory Hill and the hillside orchard. Sister Nellie and Eunice up to pick and tie peonies. I took a shipment to Gaithersburg. Lovely day and a pleasant ride. Took wife

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4755

and left her to shop in Frederick until my return. After reading the papers I spent several hours planting flower seed. Rev. ^{ugh} ~~Hoff~~ and wife and another lady were out to see the flowers. I showed them about and gave them an armfull of red peonies. After supper did some pruning. The mountain laurel is coming nicely. Electric pump stopped and I telephoned for a man to come out and fix it.

Last evening Mr. Price and Otis brought out Thelma, Ethel, and the baby, to stay with us over Sunday, they to return. The excuse for their coming out was that the two young women were to drive to Los Angeles next month to stay with Mr. Price's sister in hopes that Thelma's health ~~would~~ and disposition would improve. The baby thoroughly enjoying himself. The two young women spent the day walking about ~~for~~ playing the lady, with never an offer or gesture to help wife with the housework. It was this attitude that I resented.

Saturday, 3 June; clear and hot. Lewis sowing soybeans in the patch near the entrance, planted sweet corn in the hillside orchard, and harrowed the newly plowed ground on Observatory Hill. It was hot, the work was hard, and the old mule, Petie, appeared to be suffering. I told Lewis to be careful with him. I planted flower seed until noon and then went for the mail in the pickup. Took the baby, Junie, with me because he wanted to go, but when we were in the machine and started to leave the buildings he ~~he~~ thought I was taking him away from his mamma and began to cry, yell, and struggle. I held him firmly by one arm and kept right on. He dried his tears and ceased his efforts to escape when we reached the mailbox and turned around. Already he was badly spoiled and accustomed to having his own way. I suppose such spoiling is inevitable with the first or only child.

After luncheon I took wife to town for the laundry and some glass dishes she wanted. The breeze and greenness and coolness of Sunny Hill was in grateful contrast to the glare and heat of town.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4756

Had a number of visitors out from Frederick whom I showed around the place. At supper time Leslie Masser was up to borrow the cultivator and I said I did not like to lend farm implements and tools that we had occasion to use from day to day and because those who borrowed them often broke them and would not take the trouble to either repair them or return them, so that when we wanted them we had to make a special trip to bring them. Then I showed him a discarded cultivator that was still in fairly good condition and explained that I had paid for a new one only because the hired man was too lazy to keep the old one in good working order. I wanted to give it to ~~xx~~ him when he said he would like to have it but did not because it is human nature to depreciate anything that costs nothing, ^{so} ~~but~~ I told him he could have it if he would bring up two bushels of peaches from his orchard when they got ripe. He was glad to get the old cultivator and took it with him hitched to his car, but he ~~is~~ never delivered the peaches.

After supper I gathered flowers and filled the vases in the two houses.

Sunday, 4 June; clear and oppressively hot following showers in the night. I was up at 6 a.m. Catherine Masser brought strawberries at 8 o'clock and Lewis also brought strawberries at 10 a.m. Emma Burton with her cousin Mortimer and his family came at 10 o'clock. I walked with them about the place. They had luncheon with us and left early for their ride back to Richmond.

Mr. Price and Otis were out about 3 o'clock for Thelma and Ethel and left at 4.30 p.m. Otis was suffering from a severe headache and hangover from drinking a whole bottle of champagne at the house of Mr. Price's employer.

A Mr. Kefauver and his son called. They lived in Middletown. He was 83 years old and said he was an old crop reporter and had

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4757

attended a meeting of our field agents in Washington years ago when I presided as chief of the crop reporting service. He seemed to see me in that position yet and was very deferential and said he would consider it an honor if I would visit him at his home. Mr. Renn, the livestock dealer, brought his family up and bought an armfull of peonies for twenty-five cents. He asked me to show his family through the museum, meaning the Whippoorwill. Sister Nellie brought up two people from the office of Charles Worthy in Washington, a quiet gentleman and a fat, rather loud woman, who wanted to buy some peony roots. I agreed to sell her some at \$1.00 per clump to be called for in the autumn.

A Mrs. Cummings and a Mr. McIntosh called and I showed them about the place. She said she was born in the Whippoorwill House and that she was the woman who was having trouble in Frederick because she had displayed a "Tourist" sign before her house, and that now she was displaying it in the windows of her house and was prepared to defy the city authorities.

Several other parties were out and took up time. Total sales about fifty cents.

Mortimer Burton and some of the other visitors were continuous and enthusiastic talkers and when they were all gone and I was alone I realized that I was exhausted. The last one left after sundown.

Lubin
4757a > Monday, 5 June, clear and hot. Lewis up early and spent the forenoon harrowing in the soybeans on Observatory Hill. Sister was up early also and packed the last shipment of peonies, three boxes, which I took to Gaithersburg for Washington. On the way in I picked up an old woman near Frederick who said she was walking to Gaithersburg or Washington. Said she had come from Baltimore the day before and had slept at Red Cross headquarters in Frederick. She had walked out to the county hospital in the morning and had been refused accommoda-

4757--a

6 June 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

x x x

"Also this week I received a copy from the Institute of 'Actes de la Onzieme Assemblée General 17-22 Octobre 1932' which I am reading with much interest, especially so much as relates to the inability of the Institute to elaborate and publish the results of the World Agricultural Census because of lack of funds. More than \$50,000 went into the necessary preliminary work of organizing the census and the adhering governments spent millions in taking a co-operative census on a uniform plan, so that it seems tragic that for the lack of a few thousands of dollars the results of that census cannot be coordinated and made available to the world. We mortals certainly are stupid.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4758

tions and had started to walk to Garret Park, near Washington, where she said she had a daughter employed as a domestic. She said that ~~ba~~ both her husband and son had left her destitute. Said she was born in Canada of French parents. She was a neat looking old woman and I felt strongly inclined to invite her to come with me to Sunny Hill and help with the housework, but feared from certain indications that she liked the open ~~and~~ road better and would probably complain of our simple accommodations or small pay at Sunny Hill. I stopped in Frederick to have the car serviced and new spark plugs put in. Spent the afternoon hoeing in the gardens where a heavy new growth of weeds had started. Had a letter from Mr. Kaufman from California saying he had been called to Washington and much wanted to see me.

Tuesday, 6 June; clear and hot. Sister was up early to get some flowers for the hotel and to leave some zinnia plants. While wife was cleaning up I filled the vases with flowers. Shortly after 9 a.m. I left with wife to drive to Washington. I telephoned from the Cosmos Club and arranged to have Mr. Kaufman take luncheon with me. He said conditions were chaotic in California because of an erratic governor. He said that Mr. Lubin had been awarded a medal last year as the man who had done most for Sacramento and that he had been appointed chief of the Bureau of Commerce of the State ~~ad~~ and had moved the office to San Francisco. After luncheon we went to the Department in a taxi, Mr. Kaufman having said there was a group of field agents at the office who would be glad to see me. We found the Crop Estimating Division on the second floor of the new south building. Mr. Callander, my successor, was cordial and said I ought to be the next delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture. In the board room I met a group of state statisticians and members of the bureau staff who were all glad to see me. I invited them to come out to Sunny Hill after the crop report

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4759

was finished. I called on Dr. Woods and found that his office had been moved from the administrative building to the fifth floor of the south building. He was cheerful as always but looked a little worried. He said he thought some good might come out of all the experimentation in economics but that the uncertainty under the new regime was hurting the service.

Wife and I reached home shortly after 4 p.m. after a hot ride. After supper I started to mow the lawn but was interrupted by the appearance of a radio man and a fertilizer salesman.

Wednesday, 7 June; very hot with violent thunder storm at 4.30 p.m. and a fall of twenty degrees in less than an hour. Spent the day hoeing trees in the nursery rows. I was very hot and tired. At 4 p.m. I took off my clothes preparatory to a cold bath and a change when the Walkersville Garden Club, composed mostly of young ladies came in a procession of automobiles. It was embarrassing ~~been~~ because they came without notice and I could not greet them until I had dressed hurriedly. Their visit was cut short by the approaching storm. Soon after they left the storm broke, with high wind, driving sheets of rain, and crashes of thunder as the lightning played about the place. However, although it seemed as if the lightning had struck in many places within a few hundred yards of the houses, I could find no trace of lightning after the storm passed.

After supper I mowed weeds within the garden fence. Some of the grass and garden seeds I had planted were just coming up, and along with them a mat of weeds. Calendula and petunies were coming up as vigorous plants from self-sown seed of last year and some of them were beginning to bloom. Volunteer California poppies made a fine display. Gaillardias, coreopsis, sweet william, roses, and Philadelphia were blooming nicely. Leaves of the apple trees were speckled and curling from some sort of plant disease.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4760

Thursday, 8 June; hot and sultry. Hoeing, weeding, and transplanting. Mowed some of the lawns. Then had a bath and changed my clothes and read the papers. After supper I drove with my wife to see Mrs.^CKline near the Church of God about a mile north of our place. ~~Mrs.~~^CKline was picking berries somewhere and we did not see her. To avoid returning by the rough mountain road we went almost to Frederick and back by the Shookstown road. It has been our hottest day this year.

Friday, 9 June; Excessively hot and so hazy one cannot see either the mountains or the valley. After breakfast I drove to town for supplies and on the way back stopped at Winworth and got two chickens Sister Nellie had prepared for us but would not accept pay for them. She had a telephone message from wife that Mr. and Mrs. Gage were at Sunny Hill and would stop at Winworth on their way down. They did so while I was there but did not stay long. I felt a little provoked that they had not been out before and did not stay longer because I had written a special invitation to Mr. Gage two years previously.

At Sunny Hill I found wife and Mrs.^CKline busy with preparations for visitors. I carried water to a tub in the packing room, put in a big chunk of ice, and two dozen bottles of beer to cool. . Picked a lot of flowers and saw that all the vases were full. Took some photographs of the climbing roses. Then I changed my clothes.

The party from Washington arrived shortly ~~after~~ after 5 p.m. There was Dr. Jones and Messrs. Church, Kirk, Surratt, Kaufman, Sarl, Hal Bryant, Anderson, and several men new in the service, ~~each~~ twelve in all, each representing a different State, and all old friends except the newcomers. After greetings were exchanged I took them over to the Whippoorwill and each had a bottle of cold beer.

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E--4761

Then I showed them over the Whippoorwill and about the place until 7 o'clock when we went in to supper. Wife had prepared lettuce, cucumbers, fried chicken, boiled ham, potatoes, bread and butter, peach preserves, cake, strawberries and cream, and iced tea and coffee. After supper we sat on the front veranda and talked over old times. Every one seemed to enjoy himself, as I know I did. There were many expressions of friendship and good will when they left at 9.30 p.m. I was sorry only that this visitation happened to come on the hottest day of the year and the valley was completely obscured by haze.

Saturday, 10 June; clear and hot. Wife and I both tired from the heat and strain of yesterday^a. She spent the day cleaning up and putting things in order. I hoed in the garden and did some repair work about the house. The Washington paper did not come. Did not feel like reading or writing. The banks of climbing roses were very beautiful. Saw the first firefly this evening.

Sunday, 11 June; very hot. Spent the day writing a memorandum and letter to Dr. Woods regarding candidacy for appointment as delegate to the Institute in Rome. In the afternoon had some neighbors as visitors who stayed more than an hour. After supper I visited mother and sister and found them working in their garden..

(Dr. Woods, 11 June, brown folder)

11 June 1933.

"Dr. A.F.Woods,
Director of Scientific Work,
U.S.Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.

"Dear Dr. Woods:

"I understand that Congress has made provision for renewing active participation in the affairs of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which means that a permanent delegate to represent the United States will soon be appointed. Unless the routine has changed I assume that the nomination will be made by the Secretary of Agriculture to the State Department and that you will be consulted by the Secretary with respect to the recommendations that are submitted to him for consideration. If so, I should like to have my name brought forward and my qualifications and record considered upon their merits. I would accept the appointment if it came as recognition of special fitness and services--not otherwise.

"I am interested in the position of American delegate to the Institute partly for the salary and honor involved but mainly Because of the opportunity afforded for promoting and improving the service of the Institute. The salary is clearly inadequate and will be less adequate in future because of the economy deductions and lower exchange value of the dollar. My standard of living on a small farm in Maryland among friends and beautiful surroundings is preferable to life abroad, so that the principal consideration with me in connection with the Institute is the opportunity for a service that I feel I am qualified to render by reason of experience. That service would consist of trying to make effective the program outlined by the American Delegation, supported by the British Delegation, and adopted by the General Assembly of 1928, but which has not been fully carried out because of the withdrawal of the United States from active participation.

"My special qualifications for the position are based upon a

broad knowledge of the agriculture, statistical organization, agrarian and economic problems of the United States and most other countries derived from observation and study, and my intimate knowledge of the history, organization, personnel, and work of the International Institute of Agriculture, and upon successful accomplishment in both national and international fields. The official part of my record is on file with the Civil Service Commission, the War Department, and the Department of ~~the~~ Agriculture of this country, the Department of Agriculture of Argentina, and the International Institute of Agriculture. A brief outline of it is to be found in 'Who's Who' and similar publications. In support of my belief that I am especially qualified for the position of American Delegate to the Institute I submit a memorandum for reference.

"I shall consider it a favor if you will bring this to the attention of Secretary Wallace and his advisers when the subject of nominating a candidate for the position is under consideration.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4762

Monday, 12 June; oppressively hot, following by thunder storm. Lewis plowing in narcissus field preparatory to sowing soy beans. I went to town with the laundry and brought out 300 pounds of soy bean seed and some sugar for use in making wine if there should be any cherries with which to make it. Read the papers and planted some flower seed. Too hot to think of doing anything.

Tuesday, 13 June; clear and cool, a lovely day, following rain last night. I pulled large weeds from the orchard narcissus patch and got very tired. Wife making some candy. After supper I planted some more annual flower seed. The annuals already ~~planted~~ not doing well, but weeds are a solid stand and growing mightily.

Wednesday, 14 June; clear and cool. Emory ~~E~~line waiting outside for me when I got up shortly after 9 a.m. Set him to pulling weeds. Lewis sowing soybeans. I did enough hoeing and mowing to make me very tired. A Presbyterian minister and two young women drove out to see the place and I showed them around. They were very appreciative. Later Mr. Sonen and wife came. I dislike him so heartily that it required an effort on my part to be courteous to him. He was swollen ^{with} and oozing egotism at every pore. I told them they would find my wife in the house. I heard them knock at the door as I was on my way to the Whippoorwill and supposed they were admitted by her. It appears that she did not hear them and they left without seeing her. I was not sorry and hoped they might never come again.

The place looked much better after getting rid of some of the weeds and the climbing roses were especially beautiful.

Thursday, 15 June; clear and cool. Lewis finished sowing soybeans and plowed in the gardens. Wife painted the garden gate. Wife proposed that we go to town for supper and we did. Had a difficult time with her. She said she wanted to go to town early, but did not say why. It turned out she wanted to do some shopping, but she was

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4763

not ready in time and then was very indignant on reaching Frederick to find that the business houses closed at 5 p.m. and it was too late for shopping and almost too early for supper. Then she could not make up her mind whether to go into the Frederick Hotel or the Barbara Fritchie Restaurant for supper. We inspected them both twice from the outside and before each she thought the other was better. When I was thoroughly tired of this indecision we went into the restaurant. There she could not make up her mind what she wanted from the menu. The result was that she was very huffy. I suspect it all came from her disappointment at finding the stores closed. I was very tired from weeding and not in good humor myself. ~~A~~ So our supper in town was a disappointment. Also we missed the Lowell Thomas and the Amos and Andy programs over the radio.

Had three visitors from Baltimore during the afternoon.

Friday, 16 June; cloudy, showers, and cool. Took wife to town for laundry, groceries, and some shopping. Back at 3 p.m. Received Pennock check for lilacs and peonies amounting to \$139. Left a check with Sister Nellie for \$94 for her share of net proceeds to date. Sister Nellie was up for flowers for the hotel. It was so cold and gloomy that I made a fire in the Whippoorwill in the afternoon. It seemed incredible that less than a week before the heat was almost unbearable.

Saturday, 17 June; ~~rain~~^{sun} in the night, clear, pleasant, and cool. After breakfast I picked a lot of cherries. Later wife stoned enough for two cherry pies and I mashed the rest for wine. I got the mail and ~~red~~^a it and then pulled a lot of weeds, mowed the lawns about the house, and hoed in the gardens. After it was over I realized I was very tired. ~~The trouble~~ ^I it was so pleasant outside, ~~there were~~ so many weeds ~~that were~~ growing so fast, and there were so many things to do and no one to do them but me, that I overtaxed my strength.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4764

Sunday, 18 June; a lovely day. Had a hot bath last night and slept well. Spent most of the day hoeing and cutting weeds. The Japanese iris were coming along nicely. Annual correopsis and calendulas in bloom. Soybeans coming up. Spent an hour with mother and sister at Winworth in the afternoon. Sister's gardens in fine condition. After returning I cut out a lot of poison ivy in the orchard. Fortunately it does not bother me ~~but~~ but it is an ugly weed. Had a nice supper. After supper some people drove ^{out} to inquire for cherries.

Monday, 19 June; a lovely day. Last night finished writing abstract of diary notes for 1932 and have 1,492 pages of shorthand notes. Will now begin the drudgery of transcribing on the typewriter. It will probably take two years to type the shorthand notes and copy letters if I work steadily, and another year if I am interrupted.

Lewis sowing more soybeans in the orchard narcissus and the field of red peonies. I hoed at intervals in the gardens all day. I like hoeing in the sunshine and am skillful with the hoe, but get extremely tired. In the afternoon sister and Eunice were up for flowers for the hotel.

Tuesday, 20 June; clear, hot, and hazy. Hoed in the gardens in the forenoon, went to town in the afternoon with a hand-spraying outfit which I had to leave to be repaired. It was too hot to do much in the afternoon.

Began typewriting biographical notes last night. Did a few pages this afternoon. It will be slow work but is interesting because the notes are so old that they seem new to me. It is like reading a story a second or third time after an interval of many years.

After supper sat with wife awhile under the large cherry tree watching the lights in the valley and listening to the sounds that came from all directions. Fireflies were flitting over the lawns and gardens.

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4765

Wednesday, 21 June; clear and very hot. Lewis finished sowing soybeans at the upper place and in the afternoon I took the plow in the pickup down to the lower place where he will sow soybeans in the orchard peonies. There I saw one of the Sheets girls in a bathing suit taking a sun bath on the lawn. She was right pretty.

Took wife to town and out to the marble shop next to the cemetery and the proprietor gave her the ~~the~~ marble top of an old table that she wanted for her candy making experiments. Brought out the little spraying outfit.

I did some hoeing in the forenoon and after supper cut some weeds. Lewis found a guinea nest with thirty eggs in it. The trumpet vine flowers opened today. The day lilies and hollyhocks coming strong.

Thursday, 22 June; clear, hot, and hazy. Spent the forenoon spraying the grapes. There was a good setting of berries but I fear loss from brown rot. In the afternoon I picked a few wild raspberries and some early blackberries. These last are some hybrid dewberries that have spread and survived from an old planting. Wife made some pies from them. After supper I picked some cherries and plan to make wine out of them. Unfortunately they do not ripen normally but hang on the trees and begin to rot. Mowed the Cricket House lawn. Before I had finished Walker Chapman drove out with a young man and they stayed until after 9 p.m. Walker said he had been transferred to the Indian Office as a file clerk.

Friday, 23 June; clear and hot. Eunice brought mother up when she came to pick flowers for the hotel. She said that Webb Winchester, sister's nephew, his wife and a lady friend, drove from Pittsburgh yesterday, spent the night at Winworth, and left early this morning for Washington and Mt. Vernon, taking sister with them. They returned to Winworth in the afternoon and we expected them up, but they decided to leave early and drive all night for their home

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4766

in Indiana. In the forenoon I read the papers and mowed the lawn. Took wife to town for supplies in the afternoon and back at 4 p.m. Mowed lawns and cut weeds before and after supper. It was hot in the sun but there was a nice breeze most of the day.

Saturday, 24 June; clear and hot with good breeze. Drove to the Church of God and got Mrs. ^SKline and back by way of Frederick for some lime. She helped clean house and did some whitewashing. I walked down to the lower place. Of all the seedling locusts I planted two years ago only a few had survived. The piece in corn last year was covered with weeds. The me^aadows had some grass but too poor to cut for hay. I had a sickle with me and on the way back I cut weeds and sprouts from around the spring and the path to the mail box entrance. Wife working hard all day preparing for Otis and Ethel who had written they would be out this afternoon. Hollyhocks making a great display.

Sunday, 25 June; hot, hazy, and showers late afternoon. Thelma and Ethel, with the baby, came late yesterday afternoon in an old Ford car some one was trying to sell to Mr. Price. They had driven first to Martinsburg and then here. They said they expected to leave Washington next Sunday and drive to Los Angeles. Otis came during the night. The young folks drove into Frederick in the forenoon and brought out a Sunday paper for me. Mr. Price had to take the two large dogs belonging to his employer to Newport and was expect^ed to return by train today.

I did not approve the idea of the two young women going to California in an old Ford car with a baby on their hands and barely enough money for necessary supplies. The original plan of Mr. Price to send Thelma and the baby by bus to his sister's in Los Angeles was all right, because she was much underweight, in poor health, and threatened with tuberculosis and the change of climate and life

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E--4767

would probably benefit her, and on the bus she would have no responsibility other than looking after the baby; but the idea of she and Ethel attempting to make the long drive by themselves, and especially that of Ethel's going when neither she nor Otis could afford it, simply for the sake of a little adventure, seemed most unwise. However, I made no comment to them about it--they were grown up and old enough to know what they were doing, were independent, and to that extent it was none of my business.

I did a little writing today, but not much because of the presence of the young people and a feeling of great lassitude.

Monday, 26 June; cloudy, steaming hot, following showers last night. Had Emory pulling weeds in the narcissus field. Wild lettuce was especially thick and ~~rank~~ rank. I pulled weeds also for an hour or two until my back became too painful for endurance. Then drove to town with the laundry and brought out supplies. Typing notes in the afternoon. One of the Masser girls brought two friends over to inspect the "museum." Feeling very tired and have an aching back from weed pulling.

Tuesday, 27 June; cloudy, sultry, showers, and hot. Between showers I mowed weeds and did some typewriting. Catherine and Isabelle Masser spent the afternoon with wife. Isabelle was taking a course of instruction and training at the Zion Hospital in Baltimore and her ambition was to graduate in medicine. Mr. Six, the suspicious character of the neighborhood, came in the afternoon to ask for some berry boxes and work.

Wednesday, 28 June, S.H.; fair, moist, and hot. While dressing one of the Sheets girls brought up the rent for June. I drove to town in the pickup to inquire about roofing and lumber, and took mother along for the ride. Sister Nellie gave me a gallon of excellent cherry wine. After reading the papers I picked a waterbucket full of dew-

(1933, June, S.H.)

E--4768

berries. It was desperately hot and I my clothing was saturated with perspiration. Had to leave my glasses off because the perspiration from eyebrows coursed over them so as to make them blinders. After supper I crushed the berries for wine and mowed some on the lawn. The weeds were growing perceptibly day by day.

Thursday, 29 June; hot and moist. Lewis and Billie cutting, raking, and hauling hay. I drove down to the lower place in the afternoon to see how they were getting along and found them nearly through. Such things as sweet corn, cucumbers, and squash, were doing fine in the garden. So far the lilies were a failure.

Friday, 30 June; hot and moist, but a good breeze. Went ^{to} town for the laundry, roofing, and lime. Read the papers, changed ~~at~~ clothes, and mowed the driveways. Then did some weeding and changed ^{to} ~~in~~ payjamas. Had a nice steak and rice supper. Could not use the radio because of static. Picked some flowers for the vases.

Saturday 1 July; very hot. For several days the Weather Bureau predicted showers but none came. When the elements are all set for rain in hot weather it is always disagreeable. I drove to town for the laundry and to leave the lawnmower for sharpening. Stopped to see mother and sister. Sister gave me a gallon and a half of wine for which I was duly grateful. Read the papers. ^HMr. Herbert C. Marshall, economist, and his defective daughter and nurse, came from Washington and remained until after 5 p.m. Mr. Marshall's concern was a strong feeling that the bureau officials intended to eliminate him. He said he had sent a lot of material to the President prior to his election and had a number of letters from him. He had a brief case stuffed with bulletins and memoranda which he insisted I should look at, although frankly I was not interested. He wanted me to write a letter to the President to the effect that because of Dr. H. C. Taylor's personal prejudice against him his manuscript

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4769

bulletines had not been published and he had not received the recognition as an economist in the bureau that was due him. I had always suspected that Mr. Marshall's trouble in the bureau was his pertinacious ^{loquacity} ~~garrulity~~, but because Dr. Taylor had tried to suppress his bulletins and to eliminate him from the bureau staff I believed that some injustice had been done and was therefore willing to help him, although it would be with reluctance because I no longer felt any responsibility for either the bureau or Mr. Marshall. However, he had my sincere sympathy with respect to his motherless and much afflicted daughter.

Sunday, 2 July; cloudy and hot until a gust passed over at 4 p.m. After breakfast cut some weeds and then picked a water-bucket full of dewberries that had volunteered in the peony field. These I crushed for wine. Then changed my clothes and drafted a letter to the President on behalf of Mr. Marshall. Several visitors were out in the afternoon to see the flowers. About 4 o'clock a gust came up with wind, lightning and thunder, and nearly two inches of rain fell in a few minutes, beating down plants and washing out the driveways and roads.

After supper Mr. Price and Otis came. They had accompanied Thelma and Ethel as far as Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on their way to California.

Monday, 3 July; clear and cool. Spent the day mostly with hoe and rake opening ditches from barn to mailbox. The roadway was badly washed, some trees were blown down, and branches and twigs torn off and scattered widely by the gale that blew all night. Also I pulled a lot of weeds. I cut and carried out the Texas persimmon tree that was blown down in the garden. I was sorry to lose it because it bore the finest persimmons I had ever seen. Had two postcards from Mr. Marshall. Mailed the letter that I had written to the

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4770

President on his behalf. I was very tired.

Tuesday, 4 July; a lovely day. Otis came late last night and will return to Washington tomorrow morning. Otis had not yet arranged for a room in town but was staying with Mr. Price until the following Saturday, his next pay day. Ethel had taken what little money they had with her. I mowed weeds along the drives. In the afternoon I visited mother and sister at Winworth. Had Billie Shoemaker pulling weeds in one of the peony fields. Otis tinkering with his old machine. It was a lovely quiet day. I heard ~~on~~ only a few shots and firecrackers. I was very tired from my weed cutting.

Wednesday, 5 July; another lovely day. Otis left before breakfast. I drove to town for the lawnmower and other things. While unpacking the things a man from Buckeystown came up and spent more than an hour talking about the flower business. He said he had some ponds in which he was growing gold fish and water lilies. After he left I read the papers and then began mowing the lawns. About 4 p.m. a party of ladies came out from Frederick to view the place. Billie weeding in the narcissus patch. Catherine ~~Masser~~⁵ came over to help wife make some experimental candy. She brought with her three small children who hung around. A short note from Ethel said they had reached Morristown, Ohio, on July 3.

Thursday, 6 July; still another lovely day. Mowing weeds ~~not~~ most of the day. Read the papers and did some typewriting. After supper three of the Masser girls came over.

Friday, 7 July; hot. Feeling badly last night and today had little energy beyond getting the mail. I read the papers and then laid down, but within a few minutes Mr. Marshall, daughter, and nurse, came. He brought out some plants for wife and a collection of operatic phonograph records which he insisted on leaving for me. He wanted to

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4771

have amended one or two statements in the letter I had addressed to the President and sent to him for mailing. This meant the rewriting of two pages. Among other things I learned that he had been placed on furlough for sixty days, and that back in 1896 he was in China and Japan in the interest of a corporation that had invested in Russian gold mines. Just as they were leaving Sister Nellie came up with Mrs. Nevin Biser and her children. We had to show them about the place. Lewis spent the day plowing in the gardens and pulling weeds. Otis came out late last evening for a change of clothing. He said that Mr. Price and he were thinking of renting a cheap room together.

Saturday, 8 July; clear and hot. Lewis plowing in the gardens, Mrs. ^Cline helping wife clean house. Took wife to town for groceries. A letter from Emma Burton said her tenant in Washington was months behind in his rent. Read the papers and did some mowing and odd jobs. After supper I set the plants Mr. Marshall had brought out in wife's garden. Was very tired.

Sunday, 9 July; clear and hot. Got some flowers for the house, had breakfast, and wrote some letters. Walker Chapman and wife spent most of the day with us. Last night I played some of the records Mr. Marshall had left with me. They were expensive records of celebrated opera singers but were very unsatisfactory because the voices did not reproduce well, and some of them were even painful. After supper I walked to the mail box to mail the letters I had written.

Have typed 150 pages covering period from 1869 to 1880.

(Emma Burton, 9 July, brown folder)

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4772

Monday, 10 July; clear and hot. Lewis plowed in the gardens and sprayed the grapes. I hoed in the garden and went to town with the laundry. Sister was up for flowers and I had her look at the wine I was making and she expressed the opinion that it would be ready to put in bottles within a few days. Read the papers and did some typing. After supper mowed some more weeds. Very tired from the exercise. Also somewhat gloomy because of the lack of cash income.

Tuesday, 11 July; cloudy, windy, and hot. Cleaned out the tree nursery rows in the orchard and cut wild lettuce in the narcissus field to keep it from seeding. The lettuce was in solid rows, waist high, and in blossom. Billie brought up fifteen quarts of blackberries for which I paid him 95 cents. These I crushed and started for wine. This morning I drew off about three gallons of cherry wine, and expect to have about five gallons of blackberry wine in a few days, besides the berries Billie brought in today. The grapes were getting brown rot rapidly.

Wednesday, 12 July; rather cool except at midday. Otis came out last night for some more clothing and returned immediately to Washington. He said he had a telegram saying that Thelma and Ethel had reached Los Angeles safely, having driven the entire distance in a Ford coupe, and that he had rented a room. I spent most of the day cutting lettuce and other weeds in the narcissus patch. They were thick and heavy and I had to rest after each round. I drove to town in the afternoon and brought back fifty pounds of sugar for the blackberries. Also had a haircut. Billie brought up twenty-eight quarts of blackberries which I crushed for wine. I told Billie I would take all he picked. There are no apples for cider and the grapes look as if they would make very little because of brown rot, in spite of two sprayings. Until the

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4773

18th Amendment is repealed the price of wine and whiskey would be too high for my purse. After supper I mowed the Cricket House lawn.

Thursday, 13 July; lovely day. Again cutting weeds in the narcissus field and got very tired. Got the mail and read it and cut some more weeds. Quit at 3 p.m., changed my clothing, and laid down to rest and to listen to the radio account of the welcome to General Balboa at the head of the Italian squadron of airplanes from Italy that had reached New Brunswick en route to Chicago. The address of welcome by the mayor was in French.

After supper I drove down to Billie Shoemaker's and brought back nine gallons of blackberries for wine. Then pulled some wild lettuce in the peony field. The day has been like October.

Friday, 14 July; another lovely day. Went to town for the laundry, groceries, and more sugar for the wine. Read the papers and in the afternoon cut the weeds in six rows of narcissus, and after supper finished mowing the lawns about the house. Billie brought up twelve gallons of blackberries.

It has been a delightful day, bright, clear, with pretty clouds, a warm sun, and a cool breeze. At any moment when outdoors I could look out over the valley and see every house, village, road, field, hill and mountain. Had our first string beans yesterday and squash today from the garden.

Saturday, 15 July; a beautiful day. Last night I tried the cherry wine. It was very good but sweeter than I like. Drove to town for more sugar for the blackberries. Read the papers. Afternoon mowed the weeds in six long rows of narcissus. Returned to the Whippoorwill and typed ~~some~~^{one} more notes. After supper Billie brought up three gallons of blackberries which I immediately crushed for wine. Then mowed some weeds about the Cricket House. This evening heard

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4774

the radio account of Chicago's reception to General Balboa and his companions in the great flight. I noted the statement that he had 24 planes, 100 men, and started with 16,000 gallons of gasoline and oil. One could hear over the radio not only the speeches and conversations but also the sound of the plane motors and motor boats.

Sunday, 16 July; hot, following shower last night. Wife and I were up early to drive to Washington, where we spent the day with George Melling and his family. They were then living in their house on Rhode Island Avenue between First and Second Streets. George took me upstairs to his study and brought out Martini cocktails and cigars. We had a good dinner in the early afternoon. We left at 4.30 p.m. and were home at 6.30. En route we met a continuous procession of automobiles going in the opposite direction. In fact both sides of the road were congested. It was very disagreeable facing the afternoon sun. I wore colored glasses which afforded some relief but were trying on the eyes. We were glad to get home and relax.

Monday, 17 July; hot. Went for the mail and read it. Had letters from Thelma and Ethel. Thelma complained of being tired, baby sick, and her husband had sent her no money.

I cleaned out twelve rows of weeds in the narcissus field. Changed my clothes and finished reading the papers. Then did some typewriting. At supper time two of the Masser girls came bringing a box of very fine large raspberries. Catherine was interested in knowing whether I could use any more blackberries.

Tuesday, 18 July; hot and hazy. Stirred the wine mash before breakfast. After going for the mail cut weeds in the narcissus field forenoon and afternoon. While I was working there wife came down and picked a gallon or more of nice large ripe blackberries from some clumps in a tree row. After 3 o'clock I changed to dry

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4775

clothing, had a nap, and then supper. Feeling very tired and sleepy in the afternoon and evening.

Charles Klipp came at noon with a petition for a better road over the mountain. I agreed to go with a party and present the petition to the county commissioners at an early date.

Wednesday, 19 July; hot. Cutting weeds most of the day in the narcissus field. After luncheon Eddie Miss spent an hour or more with us. Some years ago he was the hired man and manager at Sunny Hill. Shortly after he left Prof. W.P. Hay of Kensington, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, came to see me about the road petition. At his request I agreed to see Mr. Kolb of the Road Commission about our road. He agreed to see State Senator Lee, if necessary. His interest in the road arose from his having bought a piece of land and erected a cabin on the other side of Catoctin ridge. He knew Dr. L.O. Howard, Lisle Morrison, Mr. Dalton, and many of my old friends in Washington. Said he was professor of biology in the high schools of Washington and expected to retire next year.

Thursday, 20 July; hot and sultry. Drove to town to see Mr. Kolb of the State Road Commission that was now in charge of county roads. Had some difficulty in locating him because his name was pronounced as if it were spelled "Culp," and of course I could not find it in the telephone directory. When I found him he seemed much harrassed. I showed him the petition for an improved road over the mountain and asked what could be done about it. He squelched me with the statement that the Commission had no funds for the improvement of roads and the best they could do was to patch up the old roads until funds for improving them were made available. Also he ^{ai} said he and one of the commissioners had been over our road within the last three days and were of the opinion that it was much better than most of the other roads in the county. He further said that the State Road

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4776

Commission would not act except upon specific recommendations of the country commissioners. I said "All right; I will see those commissioners," and left. ~~I left~~ I went directly to the courthouse and found Mr. Grove, one of the commissioners. While talking with him Mr. Kolb came in, evidently having followed me. I left the petition with Mr. Grove, asked him to consult with the other members of the Board as soon as he could about it, and I would call again next week.

I brought out some groceries and sugar for the wine. Stopped at Winworth and Sister Nellie gave me some sweet corn out of her garden. She ^acame up with me and we stopped at the Biser place to leave some of the corn. Sister helped me skim some of the mash in the wine tubs. Then I took her to the Whippoorwill and gave her a bottle of beer, which she likes better than wine. Also gave her a check for her half of the last instalment of flower sales. Then I took her back to Winworth.

After changing my clothes I cut the weeds from around the barn, and changed again. Just as we were sitting down to supper a Prof. Irwin, his wife, mother, and two ladies ~~arr~~ drove up to see the place. I greeted them, told them they were welcome to look about, and asked to be excused because of our supper that was getting cold. Then I was interrupted by a telephone call from sister. Before we had finished Prof. Hay and his wife drove up to inquire the result of my interview about the road. They were on their way back to Kensington but seemed to be in no hurry. By the time they left we had missed the two radio programs in which we were specially interested. Then I drove down to Billie Shoemaker's and brought him and twelve gallons of blackberries back. He helped crush them, and then I took him back. I now had one tub of wine, three tubs and several large jars full of mash, which I estimated would make sixty gallons.

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4777

Friday, 21 July; hot and sultry. We were awakened at 5 a.m. by a commotion in the barnlot. The dogs were chasing the chickens and had killed one of the half grown guineas. I got up and tied one of the dogs up and beat the other. Then went back to bed and slept until 9 a.m. After breakfast I drove to town for a long list of groceries. Billie brought up three gallons of blackberries. After reading the papers I cut weeds, and again after supper. Cut the first regal lillie today. Of the one hundred I planted last year not more than half a dozen have survived.

Saturday, 22 July; hot and sultry. Mowed some weeds in the orchard and then did some typing. After supper looked after the wine mash. Mrs. ~~F~~line and wife cleaning house and taking up rugs.

Sunday, 23 July; hot and hazy. We were kept awake after midnight by the barking of our dogs. Apparently it started from the passing of an automobile beyond the ledge in front of the house on a road that is rarely traveled. After attending to the wine I did some typewriting. At noon I drove down to Winworth and sat with the family while they ate their dinner. Mother, sister, Eunice and Charlie were all well. Did some more typewriting in the afternoon and had a long nap. Watched the parent wrens catch insects for their young in the nest over the porch light. They were very busy.

(Thelma, 23 July, brown folder.)

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4778

Monday, 24 July; hot and hazy. Skimmed the wine mash, mowed grass on the narcissus hillside, read the mail, wrote a letter, went to town, left the laundry, and had an interview with ~~Mr. Holter~~, the chairman of the county board of commissioners, who said he had not had time to read the petition I left with Mr. Grove. Holter was barely civil and I felt strongly inclined to be sarcastic and express my views of his general inefficiency and unfitness for office in a statement for publication in the local paper, but decided rather than make a bitter enemy of the chairman of the county board of commissioners I would say nothing and that my time could be better employed. However, Prof. Bjerly, one of the commissioners who happened to be present, was more courteous and explained to me the many reasons why the petition could not be favorably considered this year, the most essential reason being lack of funds and no prospect of funds. I asked him to kindly see that the petition received consideration by the full commission and included in their program with suitable recommendation to be submitted to the State Roads Commission, and this he agreed to do. Upon returning I did some typewriting. It was too hot to attempt other work.

Tuesday, 25 July; cloudy and disagreeably warm. Ground very dry and vegetation suffering. Weather Bureau had predicted showers every day for a week, but none came. Wiley Post made his trip around the world in an airplane and returned to New York yesterday. So much static that the radio was of little use. Last night President Roosevelt appealed over the radio to all business men to raise wages. It sounded much like Mr. Hoover's⁵ appeals. After breakfast mowed some lawns, read the papers, and did some typewriting, which continued most of the afternoon. Have reached 1893, The typed pages run about three to one of shorthand notes.

After supper I carried fourteen waterbuckets full of wine

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4779

to a ^{barrel}~~breel~~ in the Whippoorwill annex.

Killed a halfgrown copper snake today, the first I have seen this year. My attention was attracted to it by a group of guineas who were circling about it and put-putting at a great rate.

Wednesday, 26 July; raining softly last night and today. Before and after breakfast I transferred wine from the tubs to the barrel at the Whippoorwill. Spent an hour fixing a lock on the door. After reading the mail spent the rest of the day typewriting. Received and filled out an application for the transfer of my small balance in the old Federal American National Bank in Washington that was not permitted to reopen to the newly organized Hamilton National Bank. My balance was about \$140 of which one-half will be lost.

The papers and radios are full of propaganda for the "New Deal," which involves unification and reinflation of currency, control of industry, minimum hours and maximum wages for labor, and all sorts of restrictions that make one shudder at what it will all probably lead to.

Thursday, 27 July; rain last night and cooler. Got the mail and read it, pulled weeds in the garden, and then to typewriting. A few of the regal lilies were blooming. The flower seed I planted came up and grew very slowly. The tomato plants have fruits the size of walnuts. The sweet corn will soon mature. We have had string beans for two weeks, and cucumbers and squash nearly as long. I doubt if it pays to plant and care for a vegetable garden for only two people.

Friday, 28 July; clear and pleasant. I drove to town for the laundry and supplies. I stopped at Winworth to leave some plowpoints, and at Billie's to bring up twelve gallons of blackberries. This

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4780

took most of the afternoon. Read the papers until supper time. After supper mowed some of the lawns. The rose garden with petunias in the blank spaces looked very pretty.

Saturday, 29 July; very hot. Walked to the lower place ^{to see} how Lewis was getting on with the plowing for wheat. Returned by way of the spring and mailbox and brought up the mail. Read the mail and mowed some of the lawn.

Last evening Mr. Marsh of the News-Post and a Prof. Urner walked out from Frederick and sat talking until after 10 p.m. Prof. Urner was a teacher of political economy at Hood College. He said his father was a preacher in Washington and that he himself had been first a messenger and then a clerk in one of the departments. Both were very agreeable gentlemen.

Sunday, 30 July; hot and muggy with light breeze. Attended to the wine tubs and filled the house vases with flowers. I brought in some regal lilies, phystostegia, artemisia, roses, and delicately colored zinneas. Then changed to white clothes and drove down to Winworth. Half way down the road I passed ^{da} ~~Off~~ Whipp walking and scantily dressed in a bathing suit that displayed her feminine form and charms to good advantage. Life would be more interesting if all women and girls dressed in that most sensible fashion in summer. At Winworth I sat and smoked while mother, sister, Eunice and Charlie ate a hearty chicken dinner. Afterwards sister and I went out and gathered some peaches and tomatoes which I brought back with me. Spent the rest of the day typewriting. Have reached 1899 and my engagement with Nellie Catherine.

Monday, 231 July; very hot. Fixed wine, got the mail and read it. Letters from Thelma and Ethel said they were beginning to enjoy their visit in California but were very homesick and want to return. I saw Simon Klipp and some men working on the road just above our

(1933, July, S.H.)

E--4781

mailbox. I told them about my interview with the road commissioners and asked them while they were about it to widen a ditch they had dug across the road farther down so it would not be so hard on automobiles. Mrs. ~~W~~^Eline helping wife clean up. Sister and mother came up for some flowers ~~f~~^o the hotel. I let them have two books to read, "The Plutocrat," and "Best Short Stories of 1932." Killed a large copper snake wife found in the barn. The guinea that was setting lost all her eggs. The dogs or rats must have got them. The radio said this was the hottest day of record in the Weather Bureau, and I could well believe it.

Tuesday, 1 Aug.; oppressively hot. Up late, read the mail, and spent the afternoon typewriting. Have reached 1902 and second marriage. Lewis came up in the afternoon for some corn for the mules. It was so hot yesterday that he worked only half a day. Had our first sweet corn from the garden for supper. A few dahlia blossoms beginning to appear. The ground is dry and hard again.

Wednesday, 2 Aug.; hot and sultry. Took wife to town for some shopping. I went to the courthouse and met Mr. Grove, who introduced me to Mr. Coblentz. He said our petition for an improved road over the mountain would have to be referred to the State Road Commission and he did not think the county commissioners would feel justified in recommending that our road have preference over other roads of equal or greater importance and more in need of improvement. Brought out some more sugar for the wine. Sister telephoned that Billie had some more blackberries and I went after them. He had twelve gallons and promised more by Monday. Spent the rest of the afternoon reading and typing.

(Dr. Person, 8 Aug. brown folder)

8 August 1933.

"Dr. R. A. Pearson,
President, University of Maryland,
College Park, Maryland.

"Dear Dr. Pearson:

"I was much pleased to receive your letter of the 4th. I assure you it will be a pleasure to meet Professor Clark and form his acquaintance. From what you say I judge he will be an acquisition to Frederick County.

"Sunny Hill is on Catoctin Mountain five miles northwest of Frederick and about a mile north of Braddock Heights as the crow flies, and is on the Shookstown road. To reach it come out north Market Street, turn left into Fourth Street (Hood College yellow marker on lamp post), continue past Hood College, cross trolley line twice and turn left into first country road outside of Frederick between red brick house on corner and gray stone house just beyond; and follow road out through village of Shookstown (about three miles out) and on up into the woods about a quarter of a mile to my mailbox and sign.

"I had not forgotten your promise to come out and see me sometime, nor my intention to visit the Agricultural College from time to time, but I suspect we have both been extremely busy and depended upon the future to give us the opportunity that the present seemed to deny us.

"Sunny Hill, like Washington, is best seen in the spring or autumn. In the spring I have a field of daffodils that are worth crossing the State to see, followed by peonies, iris and mountain laurel. In the fall the mountain is resplendent with gorgeous brilliant reds and yellows of the autumn foliage. I should like to have you see it then; but come when you can regardless of season. I would appreciate advance notice. To avoid delay in finding the place I would be glad to meet you at the Francis Scott Key Hotel at any designated time and either pilot or bring

you out in my car.

"I shall expect a call from Professor Clark and shall hope for a visit from you. Bring your wife and daughter along.

"With best wishes and many pleasant recollections of our association together in the U.S.D.A., I am

"Sincerely yours.

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4782

Thursday, 3 Aug^y; hot and hazy. Again for a week the Weather Bureau had predicted rain and none came. It was dry and oppressively hot, and so much static in the air we could not use the radios.

Last night our sleep was broken by the barking of one of the dogs in the barn. I got up to investigate, but he was simply answering another dog farther down the slope. Read the mail, cut weeds in the raspberry patch, and did some typewriting. Sister telephoned she was bringing up Mrs. Connelly, her brother, and friends from Chicago. They were nice people and were enthusiastic about the place and stayed nearly two hours. After supper I transferred two tubs of wine to the Whippoorwill.

Friday, 4 Aug.: pleasant, following showers last night. Took wife to town. Late starting. In Cline's where we bought a rug I sat on a stool and it collapsed. Reached home at 3 p'clock. Got some more peaches at Winworth on the way up. Read the mail, did some typing, and cut some weeds, and was very tired.

Read yesterday that Mr. Pettit, our former field agent in Georgia, was appointed chief of the agricultural division of the Census Bureau. He was a hard, conscientious worker, and had the best analytical mind I ever encountered. I was glad to know that his value was recognized.

Saturday, 5 Aug.; a lovely day. I finished transferring wine from one tub to the barrel and ^{stirred} ~~started~~ three other tubs. Visited lower Sunny Hill to see how Lewis was getting on with the plowing. He was using the little mules and a single plow and the ground was very dry and hard. Read the mail and cut weeds. Early afternoon I brought up twelve gallons of blackberries from Billie's. Cast up the account ~~that~~ and found that I had bought 85 gallons of berries and 210 pounds of sugar at a total cost of \$32.23. It will be interesting to see how many gallons of wine I have when I am through and

(1933, Aug. B.H.)

E--4783

how long it will last.

Sunday, 6 Aug.; hot. Otis arrived after midnight and left after supper today. He did not have much to say. Wiggles barked continuously from midnight until 4 a.m. along with other dogs in the neighborhood. It seems strange that we should have this nuisance in a house isolated on the mountain and half a mile from the nearest neighbor. It would seem that the dog population of this section of the mountain is greater than the human population and they bark back and forth at one another most of the night. I suppose that is the reason the dogs sleep most of the day.

Had a late breakfast. I picked some flowers, cut some weeds, and did some typewriting. Had a full moon last night. An aviation camp was established at the airport this morning and six planes came over Sunny Hill in the afternoon.

Monday, 7 Aug.; hot, with breeze. Drove truck to town for first time in many weeks to have it serviced and a new fan belt put on. Left the laundry and brought out the rug purchased last week. Reading until 3 p.m. Had a letter from Thelma; also one from Dr. R.A. Pearson, president of the Maryland State University, saying he wished me to become acquainted with Prof. Clark, a live stock specialist, who was moving to Frederick County. I mowed some weeds and did some typing.

Tuesday, 8 Aug.; hot. Had two visitors out for flowers. I made up an armful of velvety red gladioli, branches of crepe myrtle, artemisia, and one other flower which made a good combination and for which I charged them one dollar. Took the sedan to a garage in Frederick to have it gone over and various adjustments made, such as brakes, steering gear, and ignition. It had been running abnormally for some time but did nicely on the way back. Stopped to see mother and sister and brought up some peaches and tomatoes. & Typewriting afterwards. Two of the Masser girls were over to visit with wife.

(1933, S.H. Aug.)

E--4784

Wednesday, 9 Aug.; hot with breeze. After reading the mail spent the day alternating between cutting weeds and typewriting. In the "Notes" I have reached 1911 and trip to the Pacific Coast. Telephoned for a plumber to come out and ~~p~~open up the drain pipes.

Thursday, 10 Aug.; raining after 10 a.m. The plumbers came early and ~~clea~~^{ed} out drain pipes and sceptic tank. I nailed rubber^{id} shingles on the northeast gable of attic, virtually making a roof of it, to keep east wind-driven rain from penetrating and spoiling wallpaper. Rest of day reading and typewriting.

Friday, 11 Aug.; pleasant day following ~~sh~~owers in the night. I drove to Frederick in pickup, leaving tubs at Billie Shoemaker's, and stopping at Winworth for mother to go with me for the ride. Brought out the laundry and groceries. Read the mail, pulled weeds in the garden, and then did a little typewriting. After supper I was very tired and laid down on the couch in the Whippoorwill and slept for two hours. Had a little cold and took some bromoquinine in the afternoon, which was probably the ~~ca~~use of my drowsiness.

Saturday, 12 Aug.; hot and sultry. Mrs. ~~K~~^Cline up to help wife. Pulled some weeds and then typewriting Fairy Stories V and VI. Had one visitor, a stout man, who said he had been a soldier at San Antonio, Texas, for awhile. He wanted ~~peónies~~/ peony roots.

~~(Sunny Hill Fairies V, VI, and VII, brown folder.)~~ ~~and~~

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4785

Sunday, 13 Aug.; hot and sultry. Got up rather late. While dressing I sat comfortably in a chair in the sleeping room facing the window overlooking a flower garden along the grape arbor that made a gorgeous display of flower colors, with waving trees beyond, and smoked and sipped wine. The only comparable situation would be in a deck chair of a great liner overlooking the shining sea, racing white caps, blue sky, and cottony clouds. This leisurely dressing and gazing over an ever changing garden and landscape had become a habit with me.

Otis came out from Washington before breakfast. I cut flowers for the vases and read until noon. Spent several hours typing the Fairy Stories which I mailed to the Frederick News-Post. These I had written simply for relaxation. The previous ones had been published and many people had manifested interest in them. Otis came over about 4 p.m. and I started him to talking about his work in a chain store and suggested that he get some books from the public library on business methods and management. We had a fine supper and Otis left.

~~Sóme~~ Monday, 14 Aug.; hot, following showers in the night. Last evening some neighbor girls came to use our telephone. I was tired and went to bed as soon as they left and began reading Dr. Howard's autobiography, which to me was very interesting.

After a late breakfast, got and read the mail, pulled some big weeds in the garden, and then began typewriting. Had a letter from Marshall saying my letter had been forwarded to the President, his leave had been reduced from sixty to thirty days, and the office was less hostile than formerly.

Tuesday, 15 Aug.; hot. After getting and reading the mail I pulled some weeds, mowed some lawn, and settled down to typewriting. Yesterday afternoon I missed my pocket knife and was much disturbed.

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4786

It was unique in shape, crooked handle and long tapering blade, that I bought in Buenos Aires in 1924 and had carried ever since, and like my Texas bois d'arc stick was dear to me as a part of my familiar personal equipment. Always it attracted attention when I unlimbered that long wicked looking blade to cut the tip off a cigar. Now it seemed to be lost, but I still hoped to find it. Also I am always tantalized when anything suddenly and mysteriously disappears with a haunting feeling of uneasiness in the background of my consciousness.

Wednesday, 16 Aug.; cloudy and hot, following showers at night. Followed usual program, looked after wine, got the mail and read it, pulled weeds, and did some typewriting. Went down to Win-worth to see mother and sister. Still reading Dr. Howard's biography. Thanks to its white handle I found the pocket knife this morning on the lawn where it had fallen from my pocket and been covered with grass clippings. In my typewriting have reached 1913 and my appointment as chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture.

Thursday, 17 Aug.; hot and moist. Followed usual program. Catherine Masser was over to ask if I would talk to the Young People's Society at the Church of God on September 3 and I agreed.

Friday, 18 Aug.; hot and sultry. The grass had been wet all the week which prevented mowing. Drove to Frederick for supplies. Brought out some mineral oil to put in the wine barrels to keep the wine from turning to vinegar. Put more sugar in the wine as there seemed to be a tendency for it to turn sour. The fairy tale manuscript was returned by the editor of the local paper with the statement that because of the new government regulations requiring shorter hours and higher wages the paper would be unable to print such long articles. I wondered if that were the real reason, or was it because some things in the article ~~xxxxxxx~~ were contrary to the

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4787

old time religious sentiment of the community. At any rate I enjoyed writing them, except for the ^adrugery of typewriting. 8

Walked to the lower place to see what plowing Lewis had done. It was so hot I changed to payjamas and did some typewriting. After supper did some mowing on the ^al_ums. The grass was longer than usual and the mower was getting dull so that it was hard work. Will have to take the mower to town for sharpening.

Saturday, 19 Aug. ~~M~~ hot and sultry. Sat up reading last night until 2 a.m. After breakfast I took a scout through the woods across the road in front of the houses almost to a jutting rock that we call the Pinnacle. For several days we had heard voices and swearing from that direction that was very annoying. I spied three or four boys of the hoodlum age at the base of the rock playing cards and swearing in loud raucous voices like those of negroes at night. I recognized three of the Sheets boys that lived with their parents on Lower Sunny Hill. I stood perfectly still concealed by the mountain laurel without being seen. They were wearing only trousers and were tanned as brown as Indians. Stepping behind a boulder I called out ^ash_rply "Eins---Zwei---Drei---Vier---Funf---Mix-komer-
aus," pronouncing the last doggerel phrase with great emphasis. There was no response, only silence. Then I stole away unobserved. We were troubled no more with the ^ul_ud voices and swearing.

Got the mail and pulled some weeds. My clothing was so drenched with perspiration that I changed to payjamas and hung them in the sun to dry. Then took up typewriting. Had some nice crabflakes for supper. Filled all the vases with fresh flowers.

Sunday, 20 Aug.; cooler and cloudy following rain last night. Otis came about noon and left after supper. For supper we had a good roast and delicious sweet corn. Wrote some letters.

(Emma Burton, Lubin, 20 Aug., brown folder) ✓

20 August 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Your letter of July 27 reached me a few days after a formal notice from the American Committee on Cooperation with the Institute announcing the appointment of Dr. H. C. Taylor as Permanent Delegate. Later came the official announcement in form of press notices from the Department of Agriculture. I had to smile at the nice way Dr. Taylor's separation from the Department was glossed over in the press announcement. As a matter of fact, history and record, his administration of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics was a failure and he was dismissed. However, I was not greatly surprised, because he and the Wallace family have been rather close friends for many years.

"On the whole I think Dr. Taylor should make a good delegate to the Institute--better than others in the bureau who wanted the appointment--because he has ability and experience. He failed as administrative head of a large bureau, but has succeeded in other things, and should succeed as delegate to the Institute because the position is not an administrative one, but requires broad experience and ability to cooperate with others. He has my best wishes for success in bringing about better cooperation between the U.S. and the Institute.

"My feeling is that many better men were available but that several less satisfactory candidates within the bureau that virtually controls the nomination might have been appointed.

"I read with much interest the many schemes adopted by the new administration to ameliorate conditions in this country, most of them sponsored or formulated by ^{college} professors. I have much respect for professors as professors, i.e., teachers, but acquired a profound distrust of them in government, because they were such dismal failures during the great war, of which to me the most conspicuous example was President Wilson. However, I am hoping that these new ideas and all the enthusiasm

that is developing will start something and that the necessary corrections and adjustments can follow. At any rate it is an extremely interesting period in which to live.

"I note that among the many plans for helping people is that of 'subsistence farming,' which is surely your idea, or a version of it. I wonder that you were not given credit for it, or engaged to help make the dream come true.

"Referring again to the position at the Institute in Rome, I am sure that ~~all~~ all your friends were disappointed that you, the son of the founder, did not get it. However, I think in one of my former letters I outlined the procedure within the Department and expressed the opinion that no one stood much chance of consideration without the nomination and support of the chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. It looks as if the old procedure was followed.

"With best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
Pan American Institute
of Reciprocal Trade,
Sacramento, California.

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4788

Monday, 21 Aug.; cloudy and showers all day. Found a tin can on the lawn and took it to the dump, wondering how it got there. Returning I saw Wiggles trotting about with a tin can and then I knew. After breakfast transferred all the blackberry wine to the Whippoorwill. Had two large barrels full, a fifteen gallon keg, and several five gallon glass jars. Took laundry and lawn mower to town and got batteries for flash light. Stopped to see mother and sister on the way back. Reading papers and typewriting.

Tuesday, 22 Aug.; fog and showers. Read the mail, cleaned out the wine tubs, and began typewriting.

Wednesday, 23 Aug.; a northeast gale. Many trees blown down and much vegetation, especially in the gardens, flattened down, and cellar filling with water. Trickling streams have become roaring torrents. The great pear tree near corner of garden uprooted, persimmon tree along garden fence snapped off, and large locust next to drive prostrate. Grounds about the Cricket House strewn with broken branches torn from the trees by the force of the gale. Apple trees stripped of fruit and lawns covered with twigs and leaves. I got the mail and wrote a letter to the editor of local paper reporting the damage from the storm. By radio Lowell Thomas reported a great gale along the Atlantic coast and much damage.

*Letter to the Editor of the Frederick Post on the
"Northeaster at Sunny Hill" (was published a
few days later. brown folder)*

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

4789

Thursday, 24 Aug.; clear. Monocacy River out of banks and we can see it crossing the valley. We had to sleep in another room last night because the ceiling and walls of our chamber were wet. After breakfast I drove to Billie Shoemaker's to get him to come and clear the drives of fallen trees, but his house was locked. I went on to Winworth and found mother and sister much distressed because the house had leaked in the driving storm and a large patch of plaster had fallen from the ceiling of the dining room. I called at Lewis's but he was gone to help a neighbor pick up peaches. He came up in the evening and promised to bring some one with him the next day. I trimmed off the branches of the trees obstructing passage to the garage. Carried a lot of water out of the cellar. After noon I trimmed most of the branches off the fallen pear tree. The telephone wires were down. Very tired from unaccustomed exercise.

Friday, 25 August; clear and hot. Lewis and a neighbor's boy were all day clearing away the trees that had fallen across the drives. Wife and I cleaned up several bushels of fallen pears and twigs. Stubby, the bobtailed male cat, had the habit of following us about the place. While I was raking up pears and twigs from the Cricket House lawn in the hot sun he lay comfortably in the shade of a cedar tree surrounded by pears. Not to disturb him I raked all the pears up except those near him. Finally I reached him and he made no sign of moving. I gave him a poke with the rake. This astonished him. He leaped up, looked at me in surprise, raised his back, scowled, spit as only a cat can spit, and retired to the shade of another tree, and continued to look at me with baleful eyes. By that inconsiderate act I forfeited his friendship and for many months he would have nothing to do with me. If I approached him he would get up instantly, give me one of his scowling baleful looks, and walk off with offended dignity.

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4790

I drove to town for the lawnmower, laundry, and groceries. Also notified the telephone office to repair my line. Stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister. In the afternoon sister brought mother up for some flowers for the hotel. Not many flowers were to be seen because they had been beaten to the ground. Mother spoke of selling her lower place. She thought she ought to get three thousand dollars for it, and if she did she proposed to give sister and I each one thousand and keep one thousand for herself. I suggested that it was a poor time to sell, but if she could get three thousand she should accept it, but by all means keep the proceeds for herself.

Saturday, 26 Aug.; hot and moist. Lewis and his helper worked all the forenoon clearing away wood and brush from the drives. The telephone men were out before breakfast repairing the line. I mowed lawns until 2 p.m. and was very tired, wet, and hot, because the crab grass was so dense that it was hard to push the mower. We have the place cleaned up but there are few flowers. The gardens look as if a log had been dragged over them. Had a letter from Thelma saying she wanted to come home. Also wife had a letter from Mary Ladd, her niece in Washington, saying she and one of her boys would come up and spend a few days with us. At 2 p.m. I changed to pajamas, had a nap, and did some typewriting. After supper I made a fire for hot water and a bath and picked some of the red Chinese lanterns to see if I could dry them and retain their color.

Sunday, 27 Aug.; ~~extremely~~ very hot. until 5 p.m. when a thunder storm came up with large hailstones and the temperature fell twenty degrees in thirty minutes. In the morning I mowed some lawn, filled the vases with flowers, and cleaned the Whippoorwill. At noon I drove down to Winworth and sat to one side while mother, sister, Eunice, and Charlie ate a fine chicken dinner. Mr. Price and Otis came while I was there. At Sunny Hill Mr. Price came over to

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E--4791

the Whippoorwill to visit with me. He said that all the letters he had received from Thelma were nasty ones, accusing him of going with other women and having a good time, demanding more money, wanting to return to Washington immediately, with never a word about the baby, or whom she had seen, ~~of~~ what she had experienced, simply ugly reproaches and demands for money and complaints. He told me about Otis preparing to leave the following week to join Ethel in San Diego and that Ethel had found employment for herself beginning with September and ^{a job} ~~one~~ for Otis.

When Otis came over he finally announced that he was going to California. I said I thought it would be a good experience for him and was quite all right so long as he expected to have work and salary after he got there.

We had a nice supper and they left later.

Monday, 28 Aug.; hot. Before we were dressed Lewis came up to see if we had suffered any damage from the hail of yesterday. One of the Sheets girls was up to pay the rent for August. Sister Nellie came up for flowers for the hotel. I cut some weeds, changed clothes, got the mail and read it. About 2.30 p.m. Mrs. ^{Mary} Ladd and two of her sons, Ralph and Carl, and their grandmother, Mrs. Ladd, came prepared to spend the night. I took them about over the place and then tried to entertain the two young men the rest of the day. After supper I took them over to the Whippoorwill. I was extremely tired when our visitors finally consented to go to bed.

Tuesday, 24 Aug.; clear and pleasant. Went to town for groceries. Took the two young men with me to the lower place to see how Lewis was progressing with the plowing. In the afternoon Mrs Ladd and the two young men went to town and returned with a watermelon. Again had difficulty in getting rid of the young men at night. They thoroughly enjoyed the Whippoorwill, smoking, drinking wine, which

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E--4792

they took in gulps, listening to the radio jazz or playing records on the phonograph. With the arrogance of youth they took possession of the place. At 11 p.m. I said that it was my custom to lock up the Whippoorwill and retire to Sunny Hill House. They assured me it would be all right for me to go but they would prefer to stay and enjoy themselves. I said rather curtly that I preferred to have the Whippoorwill locked at night, that the time had come, and that I was sorry to interrupt their entertainment. They acquiesced silently and sullenly.

Wednesday, 30 Aug.; a lovely day. After breakfast I cut some weeds, got the mail and read it, and did some typewriting.

At 2 p.m. Ralph Ladd took us all in his car to Harper's Ferry. It was a beautiful drive and we saw the new bridge. Not so much damage from the last storm as in our neighborhood. The trip back was spoiled for us by too fast driving. Ralph seemed to be very proud that he could make 72 miles an hour. I was not sorry when the supply of gasoline gave out near Jefferson, except for the time we lost and a rather long wait. It was 6 p.m. when we got home.

While the women were preparing supper wife had a telephone message from Otis in Frederick. Ralph and Carl went in for him. At Sunny Hill he got out of the car and went directly to the Whippoorwill, saying he was not hungry. The rest of us sat down for supper. I went over to the Whippoorwill about 8 o'clock and found Otis in a stupor, either from exhaustion or drinking. I suspected he had taken a big drink of wine from my bottle in the Cubby Hole which was in its accustomed place but empty. We will know in the morning the explanation of his unexpected appearance in Frederick and his condition. He was supposed to have left on a bus for California.

(1933, Aug. S.H.)

E--4793

Thursday, 31 Aug.; cloudy, cool, and moist. Read last night until 2 a.m. Wife was up early to have a talk with Otis. She reported that Otis found he did not have enough money to pay bus fare from Washington to California so he had started yesterday morning to walk and got as far as Hagerstown, probably getting lifts as a hitch hiker by the way. It was late when he got to Hagerstown, the place was strange to him, he was lonely, tired, and discouraged, and he got to thinking how close he was to Sunny Hill, and so he rode back to Frederick. That was all the explanation he would give. Of course he knew nothing of the visitation of the Ladds.

We had a late breakfast, after which the young men walked back in the woods. In the afternoon they went away in Ralph's car and returned after 6 p.m., saying they had been to Hagerstown.

In the afternoon old Mrs. Ladd and I went out to the nursery rows in the orchard and she selected a Colorado blue spruce and a dwarf cedar that she wanted to present to a relative.

Most of the day I was typewriting. I was getting heartily tired of visitors, especially because they had overstayed their time. The letter from Mary Ladd last week said that she and Ralph were coming up to spend an afternoon and night with us. This was her own invitation. Instead she brought with her old Mrs. Ladd, whom we liked, and Carl, a badly spoiled, overgrown, adolescent young man who was so utterly selfish and so lacking in ordinary good manners as to be almost intolerable. It was he who had refused to return to Washington at the appointed time, and here wife and I found ourselves with four extra people who expected to be entertained for an indefinite period, besides Otis who had turned up unexpectedly.

Friday, 1 Sept.; foggy morning, hot afternoon. Had difficulty again last night getting the Ladd boys away from the Whippoorwill after 11 p.m. Otis had retired at 7.30 p.m.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4794

After breakfast I tried to do a little writing. Carl came over and picked about in my books. He was keenly interested in anything he could find on sex, such as Judge Lindsay's books. When it came time to leave his brother and mother had to come over and pry him loose. He suggested that he would like to remain a ~~e~~ few days longer. I replied that it was too bad the time had come for us to part. They actually left about noon, except the elder Mrs. Ladd whom my wife had invited to remain over the week end and go to Washington with us next week.

Before they left wife said it was planned that Otis should go with them as far as Frederick and then proceed on his journey to California and she wanted me to intervene. I could not see him alone so I asked him to step aside and then asked him to stay with us a few days until he was rested, and he consented readily enough. When the Ladds were gone I took him over to the Whippoorwill and asked him to tell me what had happened. because on his former last visit he had assured me that he had enough money to pay his bus fare to California and other expenses and that there was a job waiting for him there^e. He said that Ethel had written she had a job for him on September 15; that he had sold his old car for \$40 and had paid Mr. Price \$25 he had advanced on it, leaving \$15. Also he had saved up about \$25, so that altogether had had about \$40. He had seen an advertisement to the effect that the bus fare to Los Angeles was only \$35. On the strength of this he had resigned his job with the chain store. Then he learned that the bus fare was actually \$39.50, so it was clear he did not have enough. He thought he could make it by walking part way. He started and caught rides as far as Hagerstown, but was very tired. Then he got to thinking of Sunny Hill and caught a ride back to Frederick. I pointed out that it would take him months

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E--4795

to reach California by walking and that he did not have enough money even to buy food and that he would arrive there as a tramp and would have a hard time finding work of any kind. I suggested that he stay with us, rest up, and I would take him back to Washington next week and then he could try to get his old job back, and stick to it long enough to save a sufficient amount to pay for bus fare and meals to California. He seemed to acquiesce.

I took Otis with me to Frederick for a supply of groceries. We stopped at Winworth and I left a check for Lewis. Sister gave us some canteloupes. We had a nice supper with a juicy steak and baked potatoes. Did some writing in the evening.

(Ethel, 1 Sept., brown folder)

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4796

Saturday, 2 Sept.; foggy morning, hot afternoon. Late breakfast, got mail and read it, took a nap, started to make up a budget as basis for applying for a loan, fixed a watertight frame inside the attic window, had supper, and later finished the budget statement. Otis did some mowing, I think the first he had ever done. Wife and Mrs. Ladd cleaning house, cooking, and making candy.

Sunday, 3 Sept.; warm and threatening rain. Sent Otis to town for the Sunday papers and read them. Did some typewriting. At 7 p.m. left with wife and Mrs. Ladd and drove over the wood road to the Church of God about a mile up the mountain from Sunny Hill. In the church were a few old men, a number of boys, and many women and little girls. Some of the women had babies. Mrs. ^Eline, our former tenant and house helper, was president. The exercises consisted of prayer, the singing of hymns, recitations by children, solos, and a dialogue. I was asked to make the final talk. With only fifteen minutes, the time allotted to me, I could not say much, but told them about the cooperative society at Leones in Argentina. We returned by way of the county hospital, a much longer route but a better road. I brought Willie Masser and one of his children with us as far as the mail box.

Monday, 4 Sept.; showers last night and today. I could not sleep and sat up until 6 a.m. reading "Anthony Adverse," which is a good story but very long.

In the afternoon mother and sister came up for flowers for the hotel. Lewis also was up to get some corn.

Tuesday, 5 Sept.; hot and hazy. At 9.30 a.m. we left for Washington. We left Otis at the place on Massachusetts Avenue where Mr. Price worked. Left wife and Mrs. Ladd at Washington Circle where they took the bus for Randall Highlands. I attended the Farm Hands Club luncheon. The discussion that followed related to the New Deal

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codes and how unsatisfactory they were. Sentiment was unanimously against them as well as the idea of regimenting agriculture.

I met wife and Otis at the garage where the machine was parked and again let him out at the place where Mr. Price was working. He said he had seen the manager of his store who had promised to communicate with him in a few days. He had been to the bus office and thought he might have a chance to drive a car to California in a few days with three or four other passengers and have his expenses paid. Wife very silent and I suspected she was lonesome and disturbed at the prospect of Otis leaving for California. I was worried about shortage of funds with winter coming on and wood and coal to buy.

Wednesday, 6 Sept.; cool morning, hot afternoon. I wanted to go to town in the forenoon but wife wanted to go with me and could not get ready until afternoon. I mowed some in the lawns and read the mail. After noon took wife to town for a pair of stockings. I went to the bank and left an application for a loan together with a financial statement for consideration. Went to the barber shop to have a haircut, but ~~xxxx~~ it was closed and a sign was up saying that under the new "code" the barbers could work only in the forenoon on Wednesdays. I did some shopping, waited in the car for wife, and we reached home at 4 p.m. Wrote a letter to Lubin in answer to his request for my opinion of the five outstanding agricultural scientists in this country. After supper did some mowing.

(Farmers & Mechanics Bank, 6 Sept., brown folder).
(Lubin, same.)

6 September 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"In your letter of September 2 you have posed a most interesting question, name 'Five residents of this country who rank at the top of the list as agricultural acientists.'

"Not easy to answer because, without consultation with others, one's personal opinion~~s~~ depends upon his contacts and associations; so many factors that are involved, and one stumbles over the definition of 'agricultural scientist,' because agricultural science includes so many distinct branches of science, there are so many distinct specialties in agriculture, and so many specialists are ~~so~~ narrow, even though outstanding, and one wonders what weight should be given to training, experience, personality, leadership, achievement, and the like. Then too I realize that during nearly a decade while I was abroad many leaders passed over the great divide or sank into relative obscurity and other stars ~~have~~ appeared above the horizon. I renewed some of my contacts in 1930 in connection with the Inter American Conference on Agriculture, ^{but} ~~and~~ since then I have been more or less isolated and can simply scan the increasing volume of literature that comes to me, and that is a poor criterion because a large part of it is written by beginners and is of doubtful merit. However, brushing all this aside, here goes:

"(1) Liberty Hyde Bailey, agricultural scholar, teacher, leader, and author; because he, more than any other man resident in the United States, through a long life, systematically, patiently, and thoroughly collected ~~data~~ data regarding all practical phases of agriculture, especially with respect to plants, animals, and farm practices, of economic importance, including the latest and best results of scientific research regarding them, and classified, condensed, arranged and published these data in readily accessible and understandable form.

His work is monumental and he is our nearest approach in agriculture to the French savant or encyclopedist.

"(2) Albert F. Woods, plant physiologist and pathologist, and Director of Scientific Research, U.S. Department of Agriculture. I place him second because not only did he achieve distinction in his original specialties and as an educator but because for several years he has directed the research work in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, probably the greatest scientific research institution in the world, and because his genius and leadership are reflected in the scientific research work of a large corps of research specialists, each a leader in his own particular field, rather than in voluminous publications of his own. Dr. Woods started out as a specialist in plant physiology and pathology, but broadened out until I regard him as being intimately familiar with more different phases of scientific agriculture than any other man in the U.S. (He was the leader of the U.S. delegation to the convention in Rome in 1905 that led to the establishment of the International Institute of Agriculture, a sincere friend of the Institute ever since, and the only man in the Department of Agriculture who gave me a sympathetic hearing when I protested the egregious blunders of the U.S. delegate that resulted in the withdrawal of active cooperation by the U.S. Government for a term of years.)

"(3) Leland O. Howard, entomologist. Placed third because he, more than any other man, established and developed the science of economic entomology for the United States and indirectly for the world; a savant on the subject of insect life, learned and brilliant. All plant and animal life on this planet is affected and even threatened by insect life, and it is a moot question among biologists whether insects or humans will ultimately survive in the final struggle for subsistence and existence. Many people, in their ignorance, will

laugh at such a broad and positive statement, but I make it after seeing miles of territory completely stripped of all vegetation, even in a tropical jungle, and ant cities in an absolute desert in Ethiopia larger than any human city with a population living underground that exceeded the human population of the earth. Dr. Howard seems to have been the first to fully appreciate and to organize against the insect menace.

(Now I am in doubt as to the specialists that are most important, in soils, meteorology, animal industry, plant and animal pathology, to say nothing of plant breeding, chemistry, and the like, all important in agricultural scientific research, with each branch of which one or more names are outstanding).

"(4) John H. Mohler, animal industry, known to me mainly as administrative director of the activities of a group of specialists on animal breeding, nutrition, diseases and the like. I name him because I know of no more outstanding figure in scientific animal industry in this country, although there may be others. The names of Charles F. Curtiss, Iowa, and H.L. Russell, Wisconsin, come to mind as competitors.

"(5) George F. Warren, agricultural economist. The U.S. just now is cluttered up with economists and pseudo-economists, many of which are agricultural, of which last group I think Prof. Warren is outstanding, because he has the rare gift of common sense and has always kept his feet on agricultural ground. He is not a savant in any sense of the word, but he has common sense closely linked up with arithmetic, plus an intimate knowledge of practical agriculture and farmer psychology.

"Dr. T.N. Carver is far and away his superior as a scholar and as an economist of the older school, laissez faire, supported by a background of centuries of experience. The two men are not comparable,

but Dr. Warren, as a teacher in a great agricultural college, gifted with common sense, and by diligent, systematic work, aided by classes of intelligent and ambitious young men, through a long period of years, has done real service of fundamental importance--much like that of an accountant--in the field of agricultural economics, and is a recognized leader in that field throughout the world. Young Tugwell, whom I know only through his official broadcasts in recent months, is brilliant, but impresses me as being more theoretical than practical. Bear in mind, Mr. Lubin, that I am long past the half century mark and as a keen observer note certain ^{prejudices} ~~inhibitions~~ developing in me which I attribute to advancing years, and one of them is suspicion of the alluring iridescent dreams of youth and inexperience--I have seen so many of them, my own included, fail when harnessed to the plow and put in the field under the hot sun of practical conditions--while the long-eared mules, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, go right on doing the world's work.

¶ "Hosts of other names and personalities rise up before me, but as I look down the line I think of them as outstanding specialists in limited fields, unbalanced because of overdevelopment or underdevelopment in certain directions and narrow because of the very concentration that make them outstanding along a certain line of scientific endeavor. That is why I have named only specialists who have broadened out and have influenced the work of innumerable other specialists. Of course I have named, and of all those to whom I have met, Dr. Howard comes nearest to the definition of a French savant, learned in many things and branches of science in the larger sense, a linguist, a world traveller, with scientific friends and recognition in many countries, universal, not limited by national boundaries or time. Ask anybody at the Cosmos Club, the scientific center of the U.S.A., who has been a member for the last ten years or more,

and I am confident he would endorse everything I say regarding Dr. Howard, the grand old man. And when his ~~g~~ human flame flickers out, what will become of his human esprit et bonhomie?

"For further ~~at~~ details regarding the five I have mentioned see 'Rus,' 'Who's Who in America,' etc.

"The question you pose is exceedingly interesting and provocative. That's the excuse for this prolix letter. I should like to know the names of those submitted by others. If I had time I should like to tell you of a similar experiemtn I tried years ago as head of the Bureau of Crop Estimates. It had been my job to take the old Bureau of Statistics and whip it into shape. That meant reorganization, discipline, and shifts and changes in personnel based on efficiency according to a system of efficiency ratings I had introduced in other branches of the Department of Agriculture. The system was allright, but, as was inevitable, resulted in complaints from those who suffered from it, who alleged partiality and injustice. I listened to these complaints sympathetically for weeks and at great personal inconvenience and loss of precious time, ~~until/finally/my/patience~~ ~~was/exhausted~~ because I realized fully what it all meant to individuals who did ~~not~~ and could not measure up to average arbitrary standards, until finally my patience was exhausted with the same whining repetition of the charge of partiality. I determined to end it and did end it, by calling together the entire clerical force and explaining to them frankly, as a fellow worker who had started at the bottom of the ladder and had never complained or asked for promotion, the whole system of efficiency ratings based on character of work and responsibility, quantity and quality of work, ability, personality, ability to cooperate with others, age, length of service, loyalty, etc. and in order to bring home to them a realization of the difficulties

the five members of the bureau efficiency board encountered in trying to rate the employes impartially and justly I proposed that each should be furnished with one of the efficiency rating blanks and with ~~the~~ ^{that} before him should list all the employes with whom he was personally acquainted ranked in the order of merit for value to the public service and for promotion. There was dead silence and consternation depicted on every countenance. Then I explained that no employe should rate himself or consult with any other employe, and that this was not a request but an official order, that each employe was given 48 hours in which to make up his report instead of three hours which the efficiency board took to make up its report, and that each employe was expected to hand his report to me personally and without signature with the assurance that it would be treated as strictly confidential. Within 48 hours I had the returns, which were tabulated by a confidential clerk, and the results tallied exactly with the efficiency ratings previously agreed upon by the efficiency board. I called the bureau together again and read off the results. Then I challenged the assembled clerks individually and collectively to come into my office and look over the tabulation of their own ratings. Next I said there were just five of the older clerks who had been demoted and who were guilty of repeating, whose names were known, who were a disgrace to any respectable organization and who were invited to leave the bureau by resignation or transfer, and who would be summarily dismissed if I heard anything more about partiality or injustice on the part of the efficiency board. That ended that.

"About that time the question came up of rating our field agents, 45 in number. Before we started our systematic investigation I said 'Gentlemen, just as an experiment, I want each of you to list the names of the field agents ranked in the order of merit and value to the service and I will do the same and we will compare results.' I confess

the five members of the Bureau of the National Association of Public Health Officers in trying to make the employees impartially and justly I proposed that each should be furnished with one of the following rating sheets and with the Bureau of the National Association of Public Health Officers. There was some discussion and the Bureau of the National Association of Public Health Officers decided on every recommendation. Then I explained that the employees should rate himself or herself with any other employee, and that this was not a request but an official order, that each employee was given 45 hours in which to make up his report instead of three hours which the efficiency board took to make up his report, and that each employee was expected to hand his report to me personally and without discussion with the assistance that it would be treated as strictly confidential. Within 48 hours I had the returns, which were tabulated by a confidential clerk, and they revealed a picture of the efficiency ratings previously exposed upon by the efficiency board. I called the Bureau together again and read off the results. Then I challenged the assembled clerks individually and collectively to come into my office and look over the tabulation of their own ratings. Next I said there were four of the older clerks who had been selected and who were guilty of repeating, whose names were known, who were a disgrace to any respectable organization and who were invited to leave the Bureau by resignation or dismissal, and who would be summarily dismissed if I heard anything more about partially or injustice on the part of the efficiency board. That ended that.

"About that time the question came up of rating our field agents. As in number. Before we started our systematic investigation I said 'Gentlemen, just as an experiment, I want each of you to list the names of the field agents ranked in the order of merit and value to the Bureau and I will do the same and we will compare results.' I confess

I was surprised to find that we were in entire agreement with respect to the first ten and the last ten names, differences appearing only in the order of the intermediate names, the average as it were of ability.

"In your comparison of judgments regarding the five highest in scientific research you will encounter the same difficulty that my efficiency board encountered, namely, the incomparability of things that are not strictly comparable, that is, a soil chemist with a plant breeder, a plant pathologist & with an economist, any more than my efficiency board could compare a stenographer with a file clerk, or a statistical clerk with a supply clerk.

"Then, too, you lack a definite standard of comparison; also definition, and utter lack of uniformity in the judgments you seek, due to differences in education, environment, contacts, and knowledge.

"However, go to it; the response you get will be interesting to say the least, and something of ~~value~~ value may come out of it.

"With best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4798

Thursday, 7 Sept.; very hot. Got up late and felt enervated and disinclined to do anything for several hours. Afternoon mowed some, read the mail, and started drafting an article on the repeal of the 18th Amendment.

Friday, 8 Sept.; hot. Not feeling well. Think I overexerted myself yesterday mowing the lawn in the hot sun. Sister came for flowers. Mail carrier left sister's mail in my box and ours in her box. Took wife to town. Left the car at the garage for service and we went to a picture show which we did not like. When we got back we found Otis cleaning a small coach which he said he was to drive to Los Angeles ^{for the owner} who came in it from that city to Washington to accept a government position and wanted to have it ^{un}retained. The young man had given Otis \$25 for gasoline and oil and permission to take on passengers. I was feeling very tired.

Saturday, 9 Sept.; very hot. Otis left before sunup, presumably on his way to California. I finished mowing the lawn and was very hot, wet, and tired. Got the mail. Charlie came up to tell me that the Carises were at Winworth and were leaving at 1 o'clock. I changed my clothes and went down to sit with them while they ate luncheon. While there Leslie Masser came over. Said he wanted to sell his place for \$4,500 so that he could buy his mother's place on the mountain. The Carises were enthusiastic about the place they had bought near Bainbridge, New York. Too hot to work.

Sunday, 10 Sept.; a beautiful day. Cut some weeds in the forenoon and in the afternoon took a long nap and did some writing. In spite of interruptions I was making progress in typewriting biographical notes and had brought them up to 1909 in about 900 typewritten pages.

Monday, 11 Sept.; cloudy and cold. Woke up late with a cold from a draft near my head. Sister Nellie was up and said that Lewis

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4799

had fallen down and hurt himself at Lower Sunny Hill. The poor fellow had never fully recovered from the stroke he had the previous year and was clumsy with his legs and feet. After reading the mail I went to town to get prices on fertilizer and to inquire about wheat, clover, and timothy seed, and was back about 3 p.m. Had a note from the bank saying they could loan me six hundred dollars on a demand note to be recorded as a lien against both real and personal property and as a confession of judgment. I did not like it but decided to wait a day or two to get used to the idea.

Tuesday, 12 Sept.; cloudy, showers, and cool. After breakfast I walked down to the lower place. The fields intended for wheat were plowed except about an acre of the lower meadow. Found a young man repairing an old automobile in the barn. He had it suspended from beams overhead, the wheels off, and he was lying on his back underneath. I called him out and because he was sulky and discourteous I spoke rather sharply to him, saying that it happened to be my barn, the barn had not been rented with the house, nobody else had any right to enter it, that I would not dream of repairing an automobile in it with dripping gasoline and oil and I did not propose to let any one else do it, and that the main reason was not only the danger of fire but it would void my insurance policy and the loss of the barn would be a dead loss. I therefore ordered him to remove the car without delay. He grunted a sulky assent.

Got the mail on the way back. Wrote a letter to the bank declining to sign a demand note and suggesting a straight loan secured by life insurance policy or a mortgage on Lower Sunny Hill. Drove down to Winworth in the afternoon and learned that the doctor had diagnosed Lewis's trouble as inflammatory rheumatism. I asked sister to communicate with Billie and have him finish the plowing at the lower place and then come to the upper place. Then I drove

had been down and had himself at lower than any other.

Below had never fully recovered from the stroke he had the

vious year and was clumsy with his legs and feet. After reading the

mail I went to town to get prices on fertilizer and to inquire

about wheat, clover, and timothy seed, and was back about 3 p.m.

had a note from the bank saying they could loan me six hundred dollars

on a demand note to be recorded as a first mortgage both real and

personal property and as a confession of judgment. I did not like it

but decided to wait a day or two to get used to the idea.

Tuesday, 11 Dec. : cloudy, showers, and cool. After breakfast

walked down to the lower place. The field intended for wheat was

plowed except about an acre of the lower meadow. Found a young man

possessing an old automobile in the barn. He had it suspended from

ceiling overhead, the wheels off, and he was lying on his back under

neath. I called him out and because he was sulky and discourteous

I spoke rather sharply to him, saying that it happened to be my

barn. The barn had not been rented with the house, nobody else had

any right to enter it, that I would not dress or repair an auto-

mobile in it with dripping gasoline and oil and I did not propose to

let any one else do it, and that the main reason was not only the

danger of fire but it would void my insurance policy and the loss

of the barn would be a bad loss. I therefore ordered him to remove

the car without delay. He granted a sulky assent.

Got the mail on the way back. Wrote a letter to the bank

declining to sign a demand note and suggesting a straight loan in-

stead by life insurance policy or a mortgage on lower meadow Bill.

Drove down to Winthrop in the afternoon and learned that the doctor

had diagnosed Lewis's trouble as inflammatory rheumatism. I asked

after to communicate with Billie and have him finish the plowing

at the lower place and then come to the upper place. Then I drove

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4800

to the Willie Masser place and saw some of his sons and daughters. Asked them if they wanted the job of picking my grapes and they thought they did. They gave me some canteloupes and tomatoes. Then mowed some weeds along the driveways.

I was disappointed in the local bank. They had been so cordial when I opened an account with them. I had several thousand dollars on deposit with them at various times. They professed great friendship and respect for me. I could not understand why they felt they could not grant a loan of \$600 on my personal note with a financial statement before them which they could easily verify showing that I was the owner of two/farms in the county and there were no liens against my personal property.

~~(Gilson, vice-pres. of bank, 12 Sept., brown folder)~~ omit

